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THE FINE OLD COUNTRY HOUSE.

I know a house, its open doors
Wide set to catch the scented breeze,
While, disopling all the oaken doors,
Faint shadows of the swaying trees
Pass in and out like spectral things,
Dim creatures born of summer light,
Till through the deepening twilight springs
A paler radiance of the night.

Then softly in those silent hours
Fair faces grow upon the gloom,
And whispered words of unseen powers
Breathe inward with the garden bloom
Of roses clinging to the walls,
And lawns smooth-mown with punctual shears,
While over roof and threshold falls
The peace of many a hundred years.

Unfolding slow their ivory fringe,
The lilies lie upon the pond;
The fire have caught the sunset tinge;
And murmur, elm-like, beyond;
I think, whoever sought that grove
To dream an hour of love or heaven,
Might, wrapt in some strange mystery, rove
And find his year had grown to seven!

Great elms, a glorious altar-veil,
Screen off the yellow evening skies;
Mid those thick branches, blue and pale,
The genii smoke doth curling rise,
And, wavering in the waveless air,
A certain tender touch impart
To what were else too calmly fair;
Like memory in some heaven-taught heart.

Across the broad, unbroken glade
Which girds this house on either hand,
The beech-clumps sprinkle showers of shade
These outposts of the forest stand
And guard the kingdom of the deer,
The stillness of their charmed domain,
Where spring chimes matins every year,
And autumn's leaves fall down like rain.

For miles these beeches rise and fall,
And ripple like some inland sea
From bough to bough the wood-birds call,
And squirrels nest in every tree;
Blue depths of distance melt away
As far as vision may discern,
And all the open slopes are gay
With foxgloves and the tangled fern

—*Bessie Rayner Parkes.*

Pictures of Life.

THE LEAP FROM THE MAIN BRUCKE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG STORCH.

CHAPTER I.

It was past midnight—the lights on the stone bridge which crosses the river Main at Frankfort were still burning, though the footsteps of passengers had died away for some time on its pavement—when a young man approached the bridge from the town with hasty strides. At the same time, another man advanced in years was coming towards him from Sachsenhausen, the well known suburb on the opposite side of the river. The two had not yet met, when the latter turned from the path, and went towards the parapet, with the evident intention of leaping from the bridge into the Main.

The young man followed him quickly, and laid hold of him.

"Sir," said he, "I think you want to drown yourself."

"You think right, sir; but what is that to you?"

"Nothing at all: I was only going to ask you to do me the favor to wait a few minutes, and allow me to join you. Let us draw close to each other, and, arm in arm, take the leap together. The idea of making the journey with a perfect stranger, who has chanced to come for the same purpose, is really rather interesting. Indeed, I have not yet experienced anything so exciting for a long time; and I should not have thought that, in the last hour, so pleasant an occurrence would befall me. Come, sir, for many years I have not made a request to any human being: do not refuse me this one, which must be my last. I assure you, I do not remember having ever spent so many words about any request whatever."

So saying, the young man held out his hand: his companion took it, and he then continued, with a kind of enthusiasm: "So be it: arm in arm, and now let us be quick about it: it is really exciting to feel a human heart near me in these awful moments. I do not ask what you are, good or bad, rich or poor, let us down."

One of the two, who had at first been in such a hurry to end his existence in the waters of the Main, now restrained the impetuosity of the other, while his weary eye tried to discover the features of his companion as well as the darkness of the nearest lamp would allow him. "Stop, sir; you seem to me too young to leave the world in this way. I am afraid you are committing a rash act; for a man of your years must have still bright prospects."

"Bright prospects!—in the midst of rottenness and decay, falsehood and deceit, vice and corruption! Come, let us make an end of it."

"And so young! Your experience must have been very sad to make you consider all creatures which have the human form a brood of serpents."

"Oh, serpents are noble beings compared with men; they follow the impulses of their nature; they are no hypocrites, bearing virtue on their lips and vice in their hearts."

"I pity you from my heart; but there certainly are many exceptions to this miserable rule."

"Maybe found none," said the young man.

"Even that may be a consolation, though a poor one, that you have found one in this solemn hour. For much men are given to falsehood, there are few who lie in the hour of death, within sight of eternity. But for me, I have never told a willful lie in my life, and I would not for anything in the world enter upon the dark road with a falsehood on my lips; and, therefore, when I tell you that I am not a villain, as you seem to think me, but an honest and upright man, I am telling you the simple, unvarnished truth."

"Indeed?—that is interesting. And so I must die with the only honest man I ever saw in the world, who is on the point of leaving it, and in his last moments!"

"Let me go alone, and do you remain here. Believe me, there are many good and honest people who could render life charming for you. Seek them, and you are sure to find them."

"Well, the first one I have found already. But if life presents itself to you in hues so bright, I am surprised you should wish to leave it."

"Oh, I am only a poor old sickly man, unable to earn anything, and who can endure no longer that his only child, an angel of a daughter, should work day and night to maintain him, and even sometimes to procure him luxuries. No, sir, to allow this longer, I must be a tyrant, a barbarian."

"What, sir!" exclaimed the other, almost terrified, "you have an only daughter sacrificing herself for your sake?"

"And with what patience, what sweetness, what love, what perseverance! I see her sinking under her toil and her deprivations, and not a word of complaint escapes from her pallid lips. She works and starves, and still has always a word of love, an affectionate smile for her father."

"Sir, and you want to commit suicide? Are you mad?"

"Dare I murder that angel? The thought pierces my heart like a dagger," said the old man, sobbing.

"Sir, you must have a bottle of wine with me; I see a tavern open yonder. Come, you must tell me your history; and, if you have no objection, I will then tell you mine. But this much I may say at once—there is no occasion for you to leap into the river. I am a rich, a very rich man; and if things really are as you represent, your daughter will no longer have to work, and you shall not starve."

The old man allowed himself to be dragged along by his companion. In a few minutes, they were seated at a table in the tavern, with full glasses before them, and each examining curiously the features of the other.

Refreshed and comforted by the effects of the wine, the old man began thus:

"My history is soon told. I am a mercantile man; but fortune never favored me. I had no money myself, and I loved and married a poor girl. I could never begin business on my own account. I took a situation as book-keeper, which I held until I became useless from age, and younger men were preferred to me. Thus my circumstances were always circumscribed, but my domestic happiness was complete. My wife was an angel of love, kindness, and fondness, good and pious, active and affectionate; and my daughter is the true image of her mother. But age and illness have brought me to the last extremity, and my conscience revolts against the idea of the best child in the world sacrificing her life for an old useless fellow. I cannot have much longer to live; and I hope the Lord will pardon me for cutting off a few days or weeks from my life, in order to preserve or prolong that of my dear Bertha."

"You are a fortunate man, my friend," exclaimed the young man. "I have never seen a more fortunate one. What you call your misfortune, is sheer nonsense, and can be cured at once. To-morrow I will make my will, and you shall be the heir of all my possessions, and to-morrow night I will take the leap from the Main Brucke alone. But before I leave this world, I must see your Bertha, for I am anxious to look upon one who is worthy the name of a human being."

"But, sir, what can have made you so unhappy at this early age!" said the old man, moved with compassion.

"I believe it was my father's wealth. I am the only son of one of the richest bankers in Frankfort; when I mention my name, you will be at once convinced of the truth of my assertion. My father died five years ago, and left me the heir to an immense fortune. From that moment, every one that has come in contact with me has endeavored to deceive and defraud me. I was a child in innocence, trusting and confiding; my education had not been neglected, and I possessed my mother's loving heart. I endeavored to associate myself in a union of love and friendship with good and generous people, but I found only hypocrites and impostors, who pretended friendship for no other purpose than to partake of my wealth, and enjoy themselves at my expense. My friends, or rather the villains whom I mistook for friends, and to whom I opened my heart, betrayed me, and then laughed at my simplicity; but in time I gathered experience, and my heart was filled with distrust. I was betrothed to a rich heiress, possessed of all fashionable accomplishments; I adored her with enthusiasm; her love, I thought, would repay me for every disappointment. But I soon saw that she was nothing more than a proud fool, who wished to make me her slave, and yoke all other men besides to her triumphal chariot. I broke off the engagement, and selected a poor but charming girl—a sweet, innocent being, as I thought, who would be my life's own angel. Alas! I found her one day bidding adieu with tears and kisses to a youth whom she loved: she had accepted me for my wealth only. My peace of mind vanished; I sought diversion in travel: everywhere I found the same hollowness, the same treachery, the same misery. In short, I became disgusted with life, and resolved to put an end this night to the pitiable farce."

"Unfortunate young man," said the other, with tears of sympathy, "how deeply I pity you. I confess I have been more fortunate than you. I possessed a wife and a daughter, who came forth pure and immaculate from the hand of the Creator. The one has returned to Him in the whiteness of her soul, and so will the other."

"Will you give me your address, old man, and permit me to visit your daughter to-morrow? But you must also give me your word of honor that you will not inform her, or insinuate to her in any manner whatever, that I am a rich man." The old man held out his hand.

"I give you my word; I am anxious to convince you that I have spoken the truth. My name is Wilhelm Schmidt, and here is my address;" giving him, at the same time, a bit of paper which he drew from his pocket.

"And my name is Karl T———. I am the son of Anton T———. Take these bank-notes, but only on condition that you do not leave this house until I fetch you from it. Waiter! a bedroom for this gentleman. You require rest, Herr Schmidt. Good-night. To-morrow you will see me again; but under whatever circumstances this may happen, do not forget the word you have given me."

The name the young man had mentioned, as well as the large sum, struck the old man with astonishment; but before he could recover himself, his companion had left the house, and the waiter came to light him to his bedroom, where, wearied and worn out, he soon sank into a profound sleep.

CHAPTER II.

In one of the narrow and ill-lighted streets of Sachsenhausen, in an attic of a lofty and unsightly house, sat a pretty blondine, about twenty years of age, busily employed with her needle. The furniture of the room was poor, but clean and tasteful; the girl's whole dress would not have fetched many kreutzers; but every article was as neat, and fitted her as well, as if it had cost hundreds. Her fair locks shaded a face brightened by a pair of eyes of heavenly blue, which bespoke a peaceful mind and a pure soul. The spirit of order, modesty, and cleanliness reigned in everything around her. Her features were delicate, like those of one nobly born; her eyes betrayed sleeplessness and anxiety, and over and anon a deep sigh rose from the maiden's breast. Suddenly, steps were heard on the staircase, and her face lighted up with joy; she listened, and doubt seemed to overshadow her brow. Then came a knock at the door, which made her tremble so much that she almost wanted the courage to say "Come in." A young man, shabbily dressed, entered the room, and made a low but awkward bow.

"I beg your pardon, miss," said he, "does Herr Schmidt live here?"

"Yes, sir. What is your pleasure?"

"Are you his daughter Bertha?"

"I am."

"Then it is you that I seek. I come from your father."

"For Heaven's sake, where is he? What has happened? Something must have happened—this is the first time he has stayed away all night."

"The misfortune is not very great."

"Oh, my poor, poor father, what shall I hear?"

The young man seemed to observe the visible marks of anxiety with great interest; then, looking round the room, he said: "Do not be frightened, my dear girl; it is nothing of great importance. Your father met last night an old acquaintance, who invited him to a tavern. They had some wine together; but when the landlord came for his bill, your father's friend had decamped, and left him to pay the score. He had not sufficient money for this; and now the man will not let him go until he is paid, and declares that unless he gets his money, he will send him to prison."

"To prison!—my father to prison!" exclaimed the girl. "Can you tell me how much the bill comes to?"

"Three florins and a half."

"Oh, God!" sighed the girl, "all I have does not amount to more than one florin; but I will go at once to Madame Berg, and beg of her to advance me the money."

"Who is Madame Berg?"

"The milliner for whom I work."

"But if Madame Berg does not advance the money—what then?" The girl burst into tears.

"I am much afraid she will refuse. I already owe her one florin, and she is very hard."

"For what purpose did you borrow the money you owe her?"

The girl hesitated to reply.

"You may trust me; I take the deepest interest in your misfortunes, and I sincerely wish I could assist you; but I am only a poor clerk myself. Tell me for what purpose did you borrow that florin?"

"Well, my father is very weak, and occasionally requires strengthening: I borrowed that money to get a quarter of a fowl for him."

"Under these circumstances, I fear Madame Berg will not give you any more. Here is one florin, but that is all I possess. Have you any valuables upon which we could raise some money?" Bertha considered for a moment.

"I have nothing," said she at length, "but my poor mother's prayer-book. On her death-bed, she entreated me not to part with it, and there is nothing in the world I hold more sacred than her memory and the promise I gave her: but still, for my father's sake, I must not hesitate." With a trembling hand, she took the book down from the shelf. "Oh, sir," said she, "during many a sleepless night I have been accustomed to enter the secret thoughts of my heart on the blank leaves at the end of the book. I hope no one will ever know whose writing they are: will you promise me that?"

"Certainly, my dear Bertha. Do not alarm yourself; I will take care that your secrets shall not be profaned. But now get ready, that we may go."

Whilst she left the room to put on her bonnet and shawl, Karl T——— (for the reader will have guessed that the young man was no other than our hero) glanced over the writing of the girl in the book, and his eyes filled with tears of emotion and delight as he read the outpourings of a pure and pious heart; and when they had left the house together, and she was walking beside him with a dignity of which she seemed entirely unconscious, he cast upon her looks of respect and admiration.

They first went to Madame Berg, who did not give the advance required, but assured the young man that Bertha was an angel. Certainly this praise Mr. T——— valued higher than the money he had asked for. They pawned the book, and the required sum was made up. Bertha was overjoyed.

"But, if you spend all your money to-day," remarked the young man, "on what will you live to-morrow?"

"I do not know, but I trust in God. I shall work the whole night through."

"Yes, trust in God firmly, and He will help you," exclaimed Karl, with an enthusiasm which almost betrayed the emotion he felt.

When they came to the tavern, the young man went in first to prepare old Mr. Schmidt for the part he wished him to act; then he fetched Bertha. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt when he saw the young girl throw herself in her father's arms, and press him to her heart.

"Oh, father!" said she, "what a dreadful night have I had—how uneasy I have been about you! but, thank God, I have you again!" and her face brightened up with a smile of joy.

She paid the bill, and triumphantly led him home. T——— accompanied them, and said he had a few more kreutzers in his pocket; she had better go and get them something to eat. And then you should have seen this darling girl, how she busied herself, and how gladly she set about it; the young man felt as if he could fall at her feet and worship her. It was late before T——— went home that night; but the leap from the Main Brucke was no more thought of. He came to the house every evening, in order, as he said, to share with them his scanty earnings.

About a fortnight after, as he was going away one evening, he said to Bertha:

"Will you become my wife? I am only a poor clerk, but I am honest and upright."

Bertha blushed, and cast her eyes to the ground.

"Can you love me, Bertha?" he asked again, in an overflow of feeling.

She was silent, and did not raise her head; but she held out her hand. He seized it, and kissed it fervently.

"Bertha," said he, "I love you immeasurably; you have saved my life."

A few days after, the young couple, simply but respectably attired, and accompanied by Herr Schmidt, went to church, where they were married in a quiet way. When they came out man and wife, an elegant carriage was standing at the door, and a footman in rich livery let down the step.

"Come," said the happy husband, to his bewildered wife, who looked at him with amazement.

Before she could utter a word, the three were seated in the carriage, driving away at a quick pace. The carriage stopped before a splendid house in the best part of Frankfort. They were received by a number of domestics, who conducted them to apartments decorated in the most costly style.

"This is your mistress," said T———, to the servants; "and her commands you have henceforth to obey. My darling wife," said he then, turning to Bertha, "I am Karl T———, one of the wealthiest men of this city. This house is yours, and those servants will attend on you. I hold a pledge from you that riches will not corrupt your heart. Here it is, in the prayer-book of your poor mother, written by your own hand: 'If Thou wert to give me all the treasures of the world, oh, Lord, I would still remain Thine humble servant. For what is gold before Thee, that lookest into the heart? Thine is my heart, and Thine it shall remain.'"

"It is the Lord's and thine, my beloved Karl!" whispered Bertha, and sank into his arms.

"Hurrah for the leap from the Main Brucke!" exclaimed T———, embracing his father-in-law.

HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING.

FROM NORDHOFF'S "WHALING AND FISHING."

To cut a supply of wood for a whaling cruise, is a work requiring some days, and often even weeks, and it had been determined that the first, and if need be the next day likewise, should be devoted to a thorough inspection of the facilities of the place, in order that we might work at as little disadvantage as possible.

Consequently we, the mate's boat crew, had been ordered to prepare for a general cruise. We provided ourselves with a store of bread and beef, filled the boat's breaker with water, spread our sail to the light breeze, and pointed the boat's bow toward the nearest island. Landing here, we found nought but a wilderness of low jungle, which was scarcely penetrable, together with a poor landing. We examined three or four of the islets, and having at last fixed upon a suitable place whereon to commence operations, were about to return on board, when the mate said,

"Trim aft, Tom, there's a good breeze, fair coming and going, and we'll take a look at the mainland." Accordingly, the boat's head was laid shoreward, and we spread ourselves out at full length upon the thwarts, enjoying an unusual treat of some cigars which our chief officer had good-naturedly brought with him.

When within about a mile and a half of the main land, we found the water shoaling, being then not more than three fathoms—eighteen feet—deep.

"I saw black skin glisten in the sun just then," said the boat-steerer, who was aft, the mate having stretched himself upon the bow-thwart to take a nap.

"It was nothing but a puffing pig," said he, drowsily.

"There it is again, and no puffing pig either—nor porpoise—no—no," said he with some degree of animation—"nor anything else that wears black skin that *I* ever saw before."

This had the effect of rousing us up, every one casting his eyes ahead to catch a sight of the questionable "black skin."

"There he blows!"—"and there again!"—"and over here, too," said several voices in succession.

"It ain't a spout at all, boys, let's pull up and see what it is!"

We took our oars, and the boat was soon darting forward at good speed toward the place where we had last seen the object of our curiosity.

"Stern all!" suddenly shouted the mate, as the boat brought up "all standing" against some object which we had not been able to see on account of the murkiness of the water, the collision nearly throwing us upon our backs into the bottom of the boat. As we backed off, an enormous beast slowly raised his head above the water, gave a loud snort, and incontinently dove down again, almost before we could get a fair look at it.

"What is it?" was now the question—which no one could answer.

"Whatever it is," said the mate, whose whaling blood was up, "if it comes within reach of my iron, "I'll make fast to it, lads—so pull ahead."

We were again under headway, keeping a bright look out for the reappearance of the stranger.

"There they are, a whole school," said the mate, eagerly, pointing in shore, where the glistening of white-water showed that a number of the nondescripts were evidently enjoying themselves. "Now, boys, pull hard, and we'll soon try their mettle."

"There's something broke water, just ahead," said the boatsteerer.

"Pull easy, lads—I see him—there—way enough—there's his back!"

"Stern all!" shouted he, as he darted his iron into a back as broad as a small sperm whale's.

"Stern all—back water—back water, every man!" and the infuriated beast made desperate lunges in every direction, making the white-water fly almost equal to a whale.

We could now see the whole shape of the creature, as, in his agony and surprise, he raised himself high above the surface. We all recognized at once the Hippopotamus, as he is represented in books of natural history.

Our subject soon got a little cooler, and giving a savage roar, bent his head round until he grasped the shank of the iron between his teeth. With one jerk he drew it out of his bleeding quarter, and shaking it savagely, dove down to the bottom. The water was here but about two fathoms deep, and we could see the direction in which he was travelling along the bottom, by a line of blood, as well as by the air bubbles which rose to the surface as he breathed.

"Give me another iron, Charley, and we'll not give him a chance to pull it out next time."

The iron was handed up, and we slowly sailed in the direction which our prize was following along the bottom.

"Here's two or three of them astern of us," said the boatsteerer.

Just then two more rose, one on either side of the boat, and in rather unpleasant proximity, and before we had begun to realize our situation, the wounded beast, unable any longer to stay beneath the surface, came up to breathe just ahead.

"Pull ahead a little; let's get out of this snarl. Lay the boat around—so—now, stern all," and the iron was planted deep in the neck of our victim. With a roar louder than a dozen of the wild bulls of Madagascar, the now maddened beast made for the boat.

"Back water!—back, I say! Take down this boatsail, and stern all! Stern, for your lives, men!" as two more appeared by the bows, evidently prepared to assist their comrade. He was making the water fly in all directions, and having failed to reach the boat, was now vainly essaying to grasp the iron, which the mate had purposely put into his short neck, so close to his head that he could not get it in his mouth.

"Stick out line till we get clear of the school, and then we'll pull up on the other side of this fellow, and soon settle him with a lance."

This was done, and as we again hauled upon the still furious beast, the mate poised his bright lance for a moment, then sent it deep into his heart. With a tremendous roar, and a desperate final struggle, of scarcely a minute's duration, our prize gave up the ghost, and after sinking for a moment, rose again to the surface, lying upon his side, just as does the whale when dead.

His companions had left us, and we now, giving three cheers for our victory, towed the carcass to the not far distant shore. It was luckily high tide, and we got the body up to high water mark, where the speedily receding waves left it ashore. When we here viewed the giant, and thought of the singular agility he had displayed in the water, we could not help acknowledging to one another that to get among a school of Hippopotami would be rather a desperate game.

TO A POET.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Come up to my palace among the hills—
For a stately house is mine;
Come up, and drown your mortal ills
In the blood of my royal wine!
Come, sit at my antique Jasper doors,
While the crimson ebb and flow
Of the sunset lights from the cloud-land shores,
Redden the world below.

I, in my palace of pearl and fire,
Look out through the twilight here;
My lofty turreted walls aspire
To kiss the feet of the stars!
Down in the meadows the lilies spring,
Safe from the Winter's reach,
And a sea, with a silver murmuring,
Breaks on a silver beach.

When the morning sings with the golden spheres,
I open my windows wide,
And a thousand plumes and a thousand spears
Bend to my regal pride!
Come up from the vale of Obscurity,
To these beautiful heights of mine—
Oh! come, my poet, and drink with me
The blood of immortal wine!

Come up to my summer place, oh, sweet,
From thy dreary winter clime—
And the wind in the roses at our feet,
Will sing thee a lovely rhyme—
A lovely rhyme of the far-off lands
Where the meadows are ever in bloom;
Where never can come the folded hands—
The silence, nor the tomb!

—*Berks and Schuylkill Journal.*

PEOPLE WHO LIVE WITHOUT WATER.—"The day before we reached the Orange River," says Anderson, in his "Four Years' Wanderings in South Africa," "we fell in with a kraal of Hottentots, whom, to our surprise, we found living in a locality altogether destitute of water! The milk of their cows and goats supplied its place. Their cattle, moreover, never obtained water, but found a substitute in a kind of ice plant, (mesembryanthemum) of an exceedingly succulent nature, which abounds in those regions. But our own oxen, not accustomed to such diet, would rarely or never touch it. Until I had actually convinced myself—as I had often the opportunity of doing it at an after period—that men and beasts could live entirely without water, I should perhaps have had some difficulty in realizing this singular fact."

☞ The cause of ladies' teeth decaying at so much earlier a stage of life than those of the other sex, is attributed to the friction of the tongue upon them. But it is really owing to the sweetness of their lips.

THE SACRED BULLS.

The Reverend Mr. Gogerly, an English missionary, relates the following amusing rencontre with a Brahmin, in reference to one of the "sacred bulls," which are regarded with religious veneration by the natives:

I once had an opportunity of ascertaining what a nuisance these gentlemen bulls were. I was on one of my missionary journeys; for I used to go for a month or two through the villages, and strike my tent every thirty miles or so; or I would journey in my boat up the river fifty, or a hundred, or two hundred miles, visiting the various villages and towns on the way. On one occasion, I went to a large place on a market day; I had got a large number of tracts and Bibles with me for distribution, and I sat down in the market-place to converse with the people upon the grace and truth of salvation; but before I went into the bazaar—this means market-place and no more—I heard a terrible noise of women, as I thought, quarrelling. Now, the women in India, who belong to the humbler classes, have tremendously long tongues; and I can conceive that the Brahmin ladies had not got very short ones, as the pundit told me. Well, I heard them abusing somebody, and using language very improper to escape from ladies' lips—they were calling somebody all manner of names but that of a gentleman; and when I came into the place, I saw what was the matter. [illegible] bull, which was eating up the rice and sweetmeats, and vegetables, and other wares that these women had brought in from the country to sell. The bull, in his rounds, had found them out, and was poking his nose into this basket, and that basket, and there were the women, doubling their fists, and cursing at his nose, but not one dared to touch him. He knew very well that hard words would never break bones, and he went on and enjoyed himself to the great injury of the people. The women, when they saw my white face (for a white face is very uncommon in the interior villages) directly put their hands together, and called,

"Have mercy, have mercy!"

I saw what was the matter. They were looking at the bull, while he was eating up their goods.

"Drive him away," said I.

"We dare not," they said.

"Why not?"

"Because he is a god."

"He is no more a god than I am," said I, and I took up a stick and gave him a heavy thump, so that he soon ran away.

They said, "Drive him away from us," and as that was an appeal to my humanity, and I saw the women distressed, I gave the gentleman two or three good pokes in the ribs, and he soon hurried away.

The women went down and thanked me, and I was about to give them a solemn address on the folly of calling such a thing as that a god, when I found that I had got into a terrible mess. It is very easy to get into a difficulty, but very hard to get out of it. There were hundreds of thousands of men there; and a number of men who were watching me, as soon as they saw me strike the bull, came down and looked like thunder, and they spoke almost like thunder, too.

"What are you doing?"

Oho! I thought, I am in for it now; and I said,

"I was only driving away that great thief of a bull."

"You struck it, did you not?"

I said I did.

"Do you know that you struck a god?"

"What nonsense," said I, "to call that brute a god!"

"Stay," said they, "here comes a Brahmin."

Now, the Brahmins are, some of them, very learned, and some of them not; but all of them are very proud. This man had great influence among the people, and they said,

"Hear [illegible] the Brahmin; answer him."

He came down, surrounded by some hundreds of people, and he contrived to look as black as he possibly could, as he thought he would annihilate me with his black looks.

"What have you been doing?"

I answered him,

"I was wanting to drive away a great thief of a bull."

"Did you strike it?"

"I did."

"Do you know that you struck a god?"

I tried now to make myself two or three inches taller than I was, and to look as black as possible, and I said,

"Answer me, are you a Brahmin?"

To call his Brahminical character into question was dreadful, and he said,

"Certainly," and showed me the emblem of his office.

"Are you a Brahmin, and call that creature a god?"

"Yes, I am."

"Have you read your own Shasters?"

"Certainly I have," he said.

"Well, will you be good enough, for the benefit of these people, who do not know the Shasters, to quote one passage about God's honesty?"

"I will not," he said.

"For the fact is," said I, "you cannot; but if you cannot, I can; and if you won't, I will." I then quoted out one of their Shasters, "God is honest, God is just, God is true."

"Is that true?" I said.

"It is," he said.

"Tell me, Brahmin, was it honest for the great bull to go to these poor women, and take their rice, and sweetmeats, and fruits, and vegetables, without paying for them?"

The idea of the bull paying for anything never occurred to him. He had not a single word to say. I said,

"Now what are you going to do? You are the priest of the bull, and you are going to pay the women for what the bull has stolen?"

"I am sure I will not."

"Can you say then, that that is honest?" and he slunk away among the crowd, and I lost sight of him. I had then a large congregation of people, and I preached to them about the true, honest, just, and righteous God.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1856.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$2.50 if not paid in advance. Postage IN ADVANCE on one copy to any part of the United States, 26 cents a year.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"VERITAS," "A DREAM," respectfully declined.

B. F. C., asks us to decide upon the relative merits of Bancroft's and Hildreth's Histories of the United States. Mr. Bancroft's history is the most brilliant and eloquent, and the most popular. Mr. Hildreth's is not alluring in point of style, but is, we think, the most reliable and valuable as a clear and candid statement of historical facts.

CREDULITY.

It is curious to consider what absurd beliefs in the monstrous, the supernatural, the unnatural, men of no mean share of good sense have at various times entertained. We do not mean to be understood to say that beliefs in the manifestation of strange phenomena, or in things supernatural or wonderful, are absurd, but only that to believe in manifest absurdities, which a little reasoning would prove to be mere figments, is so. To us, it is not an evidence of folly or ignorance to behold a man believing in spirits or spiritual worlds, or signs, omens, or even astrology; because fair and plausible reasons may be adduced for such faith, though reasons not conclusive to us. When a great deal can be said on both sides of a question, the side which we cannot advocate, is, nevertheless, respectable.—Most thoughtful men are willing to admit with Hamlet that there are more things in the earth and air, than are dreamed of in the materialist's philosophy. But we demand, as the pledge of our respect, a fair show of reason for any unusual opinion on any subject, particularly an abnormal or supernatural subject; and when we find a rather sensible and well-educated man calmly asserting that the moon is made of green cheese, we naturally discatern his judgment, while we marvel at his simplicity. Do sensible and well educated men ever really entertain the green cheese faith in lunar relations? Well, if not that in so many words, they do entertain notions not a whit less ridiculous.

We have been led to the subject from having lately fallen in with some extracts from an old book, formerly of great repute, but now almost forgotten. The book is known as Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle of the Kings of England, and contains some of the most audacious and impossible statements ever confided to print and paper. Let us cite a few specimens, premising that the author was intellectually neither above nor below the generality of people in his time, which was the seventeenth century, and that his work was generally accepted as veracious history. These marvels were actually and positively believed by a large proportion of the gentry of that period.

Among "the casualties" in the reign of William the Conqueror, our worthy Sir Richard mentions that "in this year (1087), in the province of Wales, upon the sea shore, was found the body of Gawen, sister's son to Arthur, the great King of the Britains; reported to be fourteen foot in length. Also in this king's time, a great lord, sitting at a feast, was set upon by mice, and though he was removed from land to sea, and from sea again to land, yet the mice still followed him, and at last devoured him."

Think of this as history! With what gravity and unsuspecting innocence the good knight sets down his fairy tale about the gigantic "sister's son to Arthur, the great king of the Britains," undreaming that this nineteenth century would deny point-blank the very existence of the king himself, much less his relative. Let us say, in passing, that the tale of the nobleman eaten by the mice, has been charmingly versified by Southey, whose "Bishop Hatto" many of our readers will remember.

"At a town called Vinchamstead, in the county of Barkshire," pursues Sir Richard, "a well cast out blood as it before had done water; and after by the space of fifteen days, great flames of fire were seen in sundry places, and at sundry times."

Speaking of the reign of King Stephen, he says:—

"In this king's time also, there appeared two children, a boy and a girl, clad in green, in a simple unknown, of a strange language, and of a strange diet; whereof the boy being baptised, died shortly after, but the girl lived to be very old; and being asked from whence they were, she answered, that they were of the land of St. Martyn, where there are Christian churches erected; but that no one did ever resort unto them; but where that land is, and how she came hither, she herself knew not. *This I the rather write that we may know there are other parts of the world besides those that to us are known; and this story I should not have believed if it were not testified to by so many and so credible witnesses as it is.*"

Oh rare Sir Richard! What scrupulous accuracy—what a capacity for swallowing whales—and what care to have them well buttered before swallowing, as the story should not have believed, if it were not testified by so many and credible witnesses," fully manifests. This story reminds us of the modern impostures of the Aztec children; Maximo and Bartolo put back a few centuries into the days when "good King Stephen was a peer."

The foregoing extracts are mild and easy to take, compared with some of the others. For instance:—

"In the reign of Henry the Second, a shower of blood rained on the isle of Wight two hours * * * and on Christmas day, in the vicinity of Derlington, in the bishoprick of Durham, the earth lifted up itself in the manner of a high tower, and so remained immoveable from morning till evening, and then fell with so horrible a noise that it frightened the inhabitants thereabout, and the earth swallowing it up, made there a deep pit, which is seen to this day. This year also (1180), near unto Oxford, in Suffolk, certain fishers took in their nets *a fish, having the shape of a man in all points;* which fish was kept by Bartholomew de Glanderville in the Castle of Oxford six months and more; *he spoke not a word;* all manner of meats he did gladly eat, but most greedily raw fish, when he had pressed out the juice; *oftentimes he was brought to church, but never showed any signs of adoration;* at length, not being well looked to, he stole to the sea, and was never seen after."

Sir Richard repeats the tale of the man-fish, locating him the second time in King John's reign. "Also in Suffolk was taken a fish in form like a man, and was kept six months upon land with raw flesh and fish; and then, for that they could have no speech of it, they cast it into the sea again." Still more marvellous piscatorial bipeds were, according to our chronicler, captured in King John's reign. "Fishes of strange shape," he says, "were taken in England, *armed with helmets and shields,* and were like unto armed knights, save that they were of greater proportion."

Moreover—"In the third year of the reign of Henry IV., at Danbury, in Essex, the Devil appeared in the likeness of a Gray Friar; who entering the church, put the people in great fear, and the same hour with a tempest of whirlwind and thunder, the top of the steeple was broken down, and half the chancel scattered abroad." Furthermore—"In the reign of Henry VI., besides a great blazing star, there happened a strange sight—a monstrous cock came out of the sea, and in the presence of a multitude at Portland, made a hideous crowing three times, each time turning about, clapping his wings, and beckoning towards the north, the south, and the west."

Even in his own time, when it was in his power to dissipate an idle story by investigation, our prodigy-monger takes all that comes to his ears as gospel, and sets it down in his book with undoubting alacrity. In the thirteenth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth he relates how a hill, with a rock under it, began to travel, "bearing along with it the trees that grew upon it, the sheep-folds and flocks of sheep abiding there at the same time. Having walked in this sort from Saturday in the evening until Monday at noon, it then stood still."

Of course there would be nothing very singular in the mere fact that a man had been credulous enough to believe such tales as these, gravely print them as matter of fact, and find a few people to believe them. The thing could be done even in our own day of broader knowledge—nay, is done, constantly. The literature of the so-called "Spiritualists" contains here and there, among masses of statements with sufficient possibility or plausibility to excuse a belief in them, stories fully as marvellous and ridiculous as any of these. The frequency of the instances of superstition or credulity, deprives them of any character of singularity. But when we consider "what manner of man" this Sir Richard Baker was, and what wide acceptance and credit his silly and simple bugaboo tales met with, the matter becomes extremely curious. Here was a man, as we learn from the Biographical Encyclopædias and other sources of information, who was born in those "spacious days of great Elizabeth," when if knowledge was not popularly diffused, it was certainly within the reach of every one who ranked as a gentleman. Sir Richard was educated at Oxford University, with many of the choicest wits of that unrivalled age. We are told that he applied himself for more than three years, very closely to the study of *logic and philosophy!* His education was completed at one of the Inns of Court in London, and to make his accomplishments perfect, after his experience of city and student life, he sailed from England, travelled extensively over the Continent, and returning was created Master of Arts. His knighthood was subsequently conferred upon him by James VI.

Imagine a student of Harvard in our own day, a proficient in logic and philosophy, a mind widened and cultured by travel, a scholar crowned at last with the degree of Master of Arts, imagine him writing a history, and in all sincerity putting down as facts, absurdities such as the foregoing! Think of Bancroft or Sparks or Tickenor, doing such a thing! Only in this way can we fully realize what an amazing thing it is, and what an advance society has made in two centuries. Yet Sir Richard Baker lived in a time whose lights of wisdom and learning still light our own. It was the time of Bacon and Raleigh, of Selden and Coke, of Shakspeare, Jonson, and Spenser, of wits and poets and scholars whose superiors the world has not since seen. Oddly enough, too, he moved in their society, was on terms of close intimacy with many of them, wrote familiarly of them all. One might well think that daily intercourse with such minds would generate even in the most superstitious and credulous brain, ideas to rid it of the silliest and most absurd of its chimeras, at least. Among Baker's close personal friends was the witty and elegant Dr. Donne, and the noble man and ripe and liberal scholar, Sir Henry Wotton. Think of a man with such counsellors and friends, believing in men-fish, bloody rains, travelling sheep-folds, marine cocks, the Devil appearing as a Gray Friar, and such fustian!

Another curious circumstance is that the Chronicle was, two centuries ago, as popular in England as Macaulay's history is now. It was a common book in every English mansion. When Fielding would add a graphic touch to his finished portrait of the English country squire, Sir Thomas Booby, in "Joseph Andrews," he makes Joey describe "*the great, good book, which lay open in the hall window,* where he had read so how the devil had carried away half a church in sermon time, without hurting one of the congregation," etc.,—a book which, Fielding gives us to understand, formed part of Sir Thomas Booby's library, the remainder consisting of "the Bible, the Whole Duty of Man, and Thomas a Kempis." Of course, it was none other than Baker's Chronicle; and the great novelist adds another touch to his picture when he makes Parson Adams, the type of a class as large and distinct as the gentry of the time, speak with almost reverential respect of the "great, good book" aforesaid. So was it then; with the country minister and the country gentleman of that epoch, Baker's Chronicle was a standard work of unimpeachable and not to be impeached excellence and veracity. To have questioned its authority, would undoubtedly have been considered the height of presumption. Sir Richard Steele, in his beautiful picture in the "Spectator," of Sir Roger de Coverly, whose piety and gentleness, and genial and noble simplicity, form a type of the higher and better character of the English country gentleman of that period, takes care not to omit, as a trait in Sir Roger's mind, indispensable to the fidelity of the portraiture, the frequent remembrance of Baker's Chronicle, and the cordial reverence therefor. The reader will recall how Sir Roger conceived the desire to visit Westminster Abbey from a careful study of Baker. Again, when shown the tomb of the model housewife—the maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth—so famous for her devotion to needle-work, and who died by the prick of a needle, Sir Roger wonders Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle! Other instances occur, such as Sir Roger's enthusiastic endorsement of Baker's declaration that Edward, the Black Prince, was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne; and his naive surprise at Baker's having "a great many kings in his volume whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey"—a fine stroke of characterization, by the way, on the part of Steele. All of which goes to show how widely popular this strange farrago of history and superstition was among the better classes of two centuries ago.

Knowledge has certainly increased, and it would be hard to find now-a-days many persons of any tolerable education who would place credence in the Munchausenisms of Baker's Chronicle, much less take pains to print them. No doubt there are still some; but the tendency of our age is rather to skepticism, than credulity. And though an undue unbelievability is to be deplored as well as a too ready faith in the marvellous, yet we consider skepticism an evidence of progress, inasmuch as Man doubting and investigating is a more intelligent and more hopeful figure than Man blindly believing and swallowing every Mother Goose tale that comes in his way. "To prove all things," is a good rule; let us not forget the rest of it—"hold fast that which is good."

NEW SEEDS AND CUTTINGS.

The Agricultural Report of the Commissioner of Patents, for the year 1855, is almost ready for issue from the Patent Office at Washington, and contains much suggestive and valuable information peculiarly interesting to farmers. The Commissioner advises a larger system and more generous means and machinery than has hitherto been instituted, to obtain agricultural statistics, the importance of which can hardly be over-estimated. It appears by the Report that the course of scientific investigation as to the nature of certain crops and the knowledge of the insects injurious to them, has been chiefly directed to two staples—the corn and cotton growth. The Commissioner advises the extension of the system of inquiry to our various agricultural products throughout the country, which, it is hoped, may yet be done.

A very interesting part of the Report is that on Seeds and Cuttings, prepared by Mr. D. J. Browne. Mr. Browne is a gentleman of education, a great traveller, largely informed on agricultural subjects, and has rendered valuable service to the country by his scientific inquiries into the nature of various foreign products natural to our soil, and his introduction of some new seeds and plants to this region. He mentions, in the Report, a great number of important Seeds and Cuttings which have been obtained, and are strictly adapted to our ground and climate.—Among these is the Turkish Flint Wheat, from Mount Olympus, Asia, well-fitted to grow in the Middle States; hardy against the winter cold; protected by its long, thick beard from the ordinary depredations of insects, and from heating or moulding in the stack; and productive of very superior flour. Another is the Chinese Sugar Cane, a plant of great utility, which has proved its adaptation to the geographical range of Indian Corn, and yields at the South or in the Middle States two crops a-year, under proper cultivation. Sugar, syrup, alcohol, or beer may be obtained from the stalks, and also a rich and permanent pink dye for wool or silk. It is devoured eagerly by horses, cattle, sheep and swine, and is declared to be the most nutritious and economical of fodder.

Mr. Browne endorses the Chinese Yam, awards to it the highest qualities as a serviceable and wholesome esculent, and thinks proper culture will make it successful on our soil. The Persian Walnut is highly spoken of as a delicate fruit, rich in oil, good to keep, hardy, and of bounteous yield, and well adapted to our southern and middle latitudes. The Cork-Oak, from which comes the article, cork, Mr. Browne says can be raised in the south-western States. The Vanilla Plant, so extensively used for flavoring ice-cream and cakes he affirms can be grown at the South; also the Ginger Plant, whose product as an import is valued at upwards of $60,000 annually. Iceland Moss, he thinks, can be produced in the mountainous regions of the North, as well as in Scotland. Turkish Rhubarb, a root of great value for medicinal purposes, and commanding a large market, also belongs here. So with the Castor Oil, the Assafœtida, and the Cardamom Plants. The valuable root, Madder, so largely in use as a dye-stuff, and for which at least a million of dollars is annually paid out of the country, Mr. Browne says can be grown here as well as not, and can be produced as cheaply and of as good quality, as that we pay so dearly for. Tea, it is stated, can be raised, under proper management, in the Southern States, and the experiment of Mr. Junius Smith in South Carolina, is cited in corroboration of this assertion.

A number of medicinal shrubs and trees, from which are obtained drugs annually imported at a large cost, are mentioned as proper to our soil. A number of fine ornamental trees are also mentioned as capable of introduction. The Date Tree, it is said, would grow and bear abundantly in some of the Southern States, particularly in California; also the European Sweet Chestnut, a very eatable and nutritious nut, and the Tamarind, a fine acid preserved fruit.

Our farmers will do well to procure the Report when issued, and pursue at their leisure the long catalogue of vegetable productions it mentions as proper to our soil. We hope that the enterprise of our agricultural friends in all sections of the country, may be stimulated by the golden and tempting possibilities it holds forth, to energetic efforts at introducing and extensively cultivating the various productions which we so much need as to send for, thousands of leagues away from our own shores, and which we might quite as well have from our own ground, thus saving the expenses of importation, enriching our own producers, widening the margin of our exports, and furnishing our people with various articles of home consumption at a much lower price than they are now obliged to pay. Individual enterprise directed to this object, will become contagious, and the greatest success might follow the efforts of any wise and wealthy agriculturist who would devote his means and abilities to the task of thus enlarging the range of our vegetable products.

The Agricultural Societies all over the country, should also take the matter in hand, and do all in their power to ultimate the suggestions of the Report in practical results. The administrators of the Government can, and should do much in aid of any efforts in this direction. With the great diversity of soil and climate which this country possesses, we are able to raise almost every article the earth bears on its surface, and we ought to do all we are able. To buy tea of China when we can raise it here at less cost, is anything but economical or wise. So of any other article in common use. Every foreign product, successfully transplanted to our soil, is so much clear gain for the nation, and augments the interests of the producer and distributor, while it benefits the consumer, and enlarges the markets of the world.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The harmony between France and England has been somewhat weakened of late, on account of a supposed leaning of the former towards the interests of Russia, in what is charged by England and Austria to be a false interpretation of the Treaty of Paris. Russia agrees to submit the interpretation in dispute to a new Congress; but this by no means comports with the downright and straight-forward character of our English cousins. The Times says:—

Our position with regard to Russia is sharply and well-defined. We have entered into a treaty with her, in which, from a sincere desire for peace and amity, and a strong consciousness of our strength and her weakness, we exacted the very least that in justice to the cause for which we took up arms could be demanded. These conditions, so just and so reasonable, Russia has, from the very moment that the treaty was signed, sought every opportunity of evading. The period during which the Russian part of the treaty was to be performed, has elapsed, and she is still wrangling about matters infinitely too plain to admit of dispute between parties actuated by the slightest amount of good faith. She claims to substitute for the town of Bolgrad a hamlet of the same name, the possession of which would give her free access to the Danube, the very thing which it was one of the main objects of the treaty of Paris to prevent. This question she is willing to submit to a renewed meeting of the Congress, but claims in the meanwhile that we should withdraw our naval forces from the Black Sea, and Austria her land forces from the Principalities, thus leaving once more Turkey alone in presence of the power the end and aim of which is her destruction. Nothing can be simpler than our answer to such propositions. We do not trust Russia. We should be inexcusably weak, if we relied blindly on the word of a power "which has," as Lord Palmerston says, "forgotten international rights and duties," and is now seeking to evade obligations solemnly undertaken at a Congress of the powers of Europe. Therefore we will not abandon Turkey in her hour of need, nor withdraw one ship from the Euxine, while its presence is necessary to assert a cause for which we fought and conquered.

Any real difficulty, any honest and bona fide dispute as to the meaning of the terms of the treaty of Paris, we can never object to refer to arbitration; but we will not refer it back to any tribunal in the world to decide whether Russia is to perform in winter—when the Baltic is closed and the Crimea evacuated—conditions which she gladly accepted in the spring, with the prospect of a long land and naval campaign before her.—If Russia means to observe the treaty, let us hear no more of this paltry quibbling between Bolgrad the hamlet and Bolgrad the town. Let her withdraw her miserable force from the Isle of Serpents, and let her not dare to propose that even one of her ships shall pass from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea. If she means, in spite of the treaty, to retain her communication with the Danube, the alternative is not an European Congress, but an European war. "The duration of peace," as Lord Palmerston truly says, "depends on her;" let her decide. Neither she nor her hireling foreign friends will succeed in separating France and England. The two nations are still agreed, except upon a very minor point; and, united, we may defy all the machinations of the common foe.

Relative to this matter, the English *Premier* said recently at Manchester:

The duration of peace must depend upon the honor and fidelity with which its conditions are fulfilled. I trust that power which brought upon itself the hostility, either active or moral, of all Europe, by a forgetfulness of international rights and duties—I trust that that power, having concluded a treaty, will observe that treaty with faithfulness, *and then, no doubt, peace will be of long duration.*

An article in the Paris *Constitutionnel*, supposed to be semi-official in its character, had excited the ire of the English Press—but the *Moniteur*, the official paper of Louis Napoleon, had expressed itself unwilling to let it be supposed that said article emanated from the Government. It added:—

To envenom a discussion is not the way to facilitate its solution. England and France, who together carried on the war and concluded peace, and who agree upon all the great questions of the day in Europe, are divided in opinion upon one of a very minor interest. Will the difference be settled by a preliminary arrangement or conference? That is the only thing to be decided. But, under all circumstances, we entertain the firm conviction that the difficulty will soon be removed, without running upon the double shoal of weakening the English alliance and of failing to fulfil engagements contracted."

The inference would seem to be against the Russian interpretation of the treaty, with impartial men, for the following reason:—If there be both a town and hamlet of Bolgrad, and the hamlet were meant, it should have been particularly specified. For the existence of the town may reasonably be supposed to have been known to all the contracting parties, while the knowledge of the existence of a small hamlet of that name can not be reasonably inferred. If therefore the Russian ambassador *meant* the hamlet, in agreeing to the treaty, he was bound to make his meaning clear, and to have had said meaning definitely expressed in the treaty. As he appears not to have done this, the inference is that he either intended a trick at the time, or that a quibble upon the name has since suggested itself. If the Russian diplomatists had not acquired somewhat the general character of tricksters, we might be more disposed to think that their interpretation of the treaty was founded upon an honest difference of opinion on their part. If Great Britain and Austria resolutely maintain their present attitude, we shall be surprised if France does not ultimately inform Russia that she must yield her point. As to a war with Great Britain, we do not believe that Louis Napoleon dreams of such a thing.

As to Naples, the other bone of contention, it appears that the envoys from France and England have not yet demanded their passports—but are about to do it, if a manifesto daily expected is not conciliatory. The great difficulty in dealing with Naples is to reconcile her right of self-government as an independent power, with the obligations due to justice and right, and to the peace of Europe, by the stronger powers of England and France. For an excess of tyranny in Naples may light a flame which shall spread over the whole of Italy, and from thence to France itself.

WATSON'S ANNALS OF PHILADELPHIA.—We have neglected to call the attention of our readers to a new and enlarged edition of this excellent work, now in course of publication. It is to be issued in twenty numbers, at twenty-five cents a number, and embellished with sixty-four accurate engravings. The first number, now before us, contains engravings of the Drawbridge and Dock Creek, Landing of Penn at Chester, Landing of Penn at Blue Anchor Inn, and the Treaty Elm and Fairman's Mansion. The "Annals" is a collection of memories, anecdotes, and incidents of Philadelphia and its inhabitants, and of the earliest settlements of the inland parts of Pennsylvania from the days of their founders—and is probably the most admirable work of the kind ever written. To every Pennsylvanian—and to every Philadelphian especially—it is invaluable. It brings accurately before us what Philadelphia was, and enables us to contrast that picture of the Past with the crowded marts of the Present. To the young particularly, it is a most curious and attractive work. No family in Philadelphia should be without it.

☞ The *Saturday Courier*, of this city, published by A. McMakin, has ceased to exist, and its list—what was left of it—been sold to Mr. Cummings, and incorporated with the Bulletin.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1857.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4TH, 1821.

The publishers of this old and firmly established paper take pleasure in calling the attention of the public to their programme for the coming year. Surfeited with politics, the claims of Literature will be more than ever appreciated by the reading world. We have therefore already made arrangements with the following brilliant list of writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (or ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, MRS. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, and the Author of "ZILLAH," &c.

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The following Novelets will then be given, though probably not in the exact order here mentioned:—

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An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. ARTHUR.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

THE QUAKER'S PROTEGE,

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by MRS. MARY A. DENISON, author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., is also in course of preparation for the Post.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

☞ In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c., our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World.

ENGRAVINGS.—In the way of Engravings, we generally present two weekly—one of an instructive, and the other of a humorous character.

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NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

SAMPLE NUMBERS SENT GRATIS TO ANY ONE, WHEN REQUESTED.

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it, (the notices of new contributions and our terms,) for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

NICARAGUA.

It appears that although Gen. Pierce's administration received Padre Vigil as an envoy from Nicaragua, it refused to receive Mr. Oakesmith—the third minister sent during this year. The ground taken was that the reception of the representative of President Rivas, by no means implied the reception of a representative of the new government of Gen. Walker. Walker has sent therefore a *fourth* minister to Washington, Don Fermin Ferrer; whether or not he will be received, time must make manifest.

Quite a serious quarrel is raging between Gen. Walker and Gen. Goicouria, recently superseded as the Nicaraguan minister to England, who is now in New York. Charges of treachery, &c., are freely made against Goicouria by Messrs. Randolph and Heiss, two of Walker's agents, and the "code of honor," so-called, will probably be resorted to.

On his part, Gen. Goicouria has published a statement, in which he says that the liberation of Cuba was his main object in joining Walker. He quotes the articles of a regular contract between himself and Gen. Walker, by which Walker pledges himself to assist in the liberation of Cuba after having "consolidated the peace and the Government of Nicaragua." Goicouria's object was the annexation of Cuba to the United States, but the receipt of a letter, dated in August last, from Walker, proved to him that Walker's plan was a different one. Gen. Walker's letter is as follows:—

GRANADA, Aug. 12, 1856.

My Dear General—I send your credentials for Great Britain by General Caxenean. They are simple, and will be, I hope, not without result. If you can open negotiations with England, and secure for Nicaragua the port of San Juan del Norte, you will effect a great object. It will be a long step towards our end. Without San Juan del Norte, we lack what will be in the end indispensable to us—a naval force in the Caribbean Sea. The commercial consequences of this possession are nothing in comparison with the naval and political results.

With your versatility, and if I may use the term, adaptability, I expect much to be done in England. You can do more than any American could possibly accomplish, because you can make the British Cabinet see that we are not engaged in any scheme for annexation. You can make them see that the only way to cut the expanding and expansive democracy of the North, is by a powerful and compact Southern federation, based on military principles.

The sooner you get to England the better it will be for us. If possible, the treaty should be made before the middle of November. By that time, the rainy season will be over, and we can open the next campaign. We must have all our relations with Central America fixed before the last of April, and nothing will so much facilitate us as the settlement of the Mosquito question. Above all, this part is necessary for the work we have in hand after our Central American affairs are settled.

It is needless for me to impress you with the importance of this mission; for you, no doubt, feel it as deeply as I do.

I hope to hear from you every mail. Can you not make ——— ——— write me a letter? Tell ——— ——— he must send me the news, and let me know whether "Cuba must and shall be free," but not for the Yankees. Oh, no! that fine country is not fit for those barbarous Yankees. What would such a psalm-singing set do in the island?

Remember me to your family, and believe me yours sincerely, WM. WALKER.

Gen. D. de Goicouria.

Upon this letter Gen. Goicouria thus comments:—

This letter put a new face on matters together. It revealed to me for the first time Walker's hostility to the democratic principle America, and his design to establish a South despotism as a counterbalance to the United States. It entered into no part of my plan forward any such scheme as this, and I plainly perceived that Mr. Walker gave me credit for an "adaptability" which I do not possess. was evident that the annexation of Cuba to United States was very far from Mr. Walk ideas. It cannot be considered wonderful I paused and did not instantly start for land.

As to the El Dorado, and the enlisting of "thousand men," Gen. Goicouria says that were intended for Cuba, and that his recruits knew it—and that they prevented the starting the vessel, from a mean and malicious design injure him, regardless of the interest of the Cuban cause. Altogether, this is one of the prettiest kettles of fish which has been recently overturned for the admiration of an appreciative public.

ROSIN OIL.

A Mr. Robbins, of New York, has discovered a process by which 62 per cent. of oil can be obtained from common rosin, the residuary material also being valuable. The present and increasing scarcity of sperm oil is an important discovery. This oil is said to be every way suitable for machinery, burning in lamps, tanning purposes, &c., and can be sold at one-fifth the price of sperm oil. The vast pine forests of the Southern States supply the raw material in abundance, and the apparatus for manufacturing the oil is said to be cheap and durable, and so simple that it can be used by common laboring hands. In fact, if half that is said about the new oil be true, it will prove of very great value both to the Southern States which are able to produce, and the Northern and Western States which are able to consume it in such large quantities.

PROPOSED CESSION.

It is stated that the government of New Granada has proposed to cede to the United States the complete municipal control of that portion of the Isthmus of Darien traversed by the road from Panama to Aspinwall—the compensation to be a certain sum of money (amount not mentioned), and the payment by the United States all claims due its citizens on account of the recent riot at Panama. The idea of New Granada is to raise some money to pay the Mackenzie claim, now being pressed by Great Britain, to secure the peaceable transportation of passengers on the railroad. As the cession is somewhat of a departure from the precedents of our foreign policy, it is doubtful what answer will be made to the proposition by President Pierce. If it is accepted, of course a military force will have to be stationed at both ends of the road.

A MOOTED POINT.

It is not an easy thing to get at the exact truth upon any subject, as many instances prove. The question as to the extent of intemperance which prevails in France, Germany and Italy, from the drinking of their light and native wines, is one of these instances. The majority of travellers unite in saying that there is very little drunkenness in those countries. Others, however, and very intelligent ones, too, deny this, and say that there is a large amount of intemperance. Thus Dr. F. R. Lees, of England, writes to the Alliance Weekly News:

"The French, especially, have no just views of temperance; and indeed are, in the strict sense, a universally intemperate people. I have, indeed, seen less of sottishness than in England, but far more universal drinking of wine and beer, and *eau de vie*—far more excitement. But even drunkenness as we have it is very common. In walking down the Rue Censier, near the Jardin des Plantes, at four o'clock in the afternoon, I met five blouses reeling, two carters affected with liquor, and several others, 'merry with wine.'"

A question arises here, were they "merry with *wine?*" The French, if we are not misinformed, are getting into the English habit of drinking distilled liquors—and there is no doubt that where the *distilled* liquors are generally used, drunkenness will abound. The true question as to the extent of intemperance in France, Italy, &c., is as to the safety of people drinking *fermented* liquors—especially the light wines of Southern Europe. It is contended, and with considerable force, that the maddening appetite for liquor which it is so difficult to moderate or control, is almost universally for the *distilled* liquors. That there is this great distinction between the fermented and distilled liquors, that the one are the products of Nature's laboratory, while the others are the products of Man's. It is contended that Nature's proportions of alcohol, water, &c., may be safely used—and that the harm comes when Man, not satisfied with the natural change in the juice of the grape, procures for himself, by distillation, a far stronger and more stimulating fluid—having its uses in exceptional cases, but only to be used in such cases, and not as the *natural* restorative of weakened energies and a languid frame. This is the argument; and the asserted temperance of the wine-drinking countries, as compared with the acknowledged intemperance of the whiskey, rum, gin and brandy-drinking countries, is adduced in proof. It is a very important question, therefore, as to the extent of intemperance in the countries where the fermented liquors are chiefly used. Not, of course, as to the extent of intemperance there from brandy or whiskey-drinking; but from wine or beer-drinking—except so far as the former can be shown to flow necessarily from the latter. This is the question, which we shall not attempt at present to decide.

THE OSAGE ORANGE.

A correspondent of the Post recently asked for information with regard to the cultivation of the Osage Orange, which a valued subscriber in Texas has been kind enough to furnish. We subjoin his letter:—

MARSHALL, Harrison Co., Texas, Nov. 3rd, 1856.

Mr. Editor:—I noticed in your papers of 11th and 18th of October, a request for some of your friends to give directions how to cultivate the Bois D'Arc, or Osage Orange. As I see by the last date, that no person has given the required information, and as I live in the native land of the plant, and am acquainted with its growth, I will endeavor to give the manner of raising a hedge here, as intelligibly as I can.

When our land is new and free from grass, we throw from four to six furrows together, on the site of the hedge, narrow due—if not richly manured—open two furrows on top of ridge eight to ten inches apart, (or wide enough to admit of cultivation with the hoe,) and two to three inches deep, sow the seed thin, and when up, thin out so as to have each plant six inches apart in each drill, as thus . . . . . This is done with us in the month of February—farther north, later in the spring would do.

Keep the plants clear of grass. The next winter and spring cut them all down to within four inches of the ground; cultivate as before; next year cut within ten inches of the ground; third year cut within eighteen inches; you then have a hedge that the smallest animal cannot get through; and each person may train the top thereof to suit his own taste.

Sometimes the seeds are sown in drills in a rich bed, cultivated one year, then transplanted, and treated as above. There is no danger of the seeds rotting in the ground, as they will remain year, and then come up.

If planted on low ground, ditch the land, and plant on the mound thrown up.

I have never heard of but one instance of mice eating the plant, and that was in Missouri; the snow was between two and three feet deep, and they girdled the hedge at the surface of the snow, but as it was to be cut off in the spring, no damage was done.

Yours, A. C. MARTIN.

We may as well say in connection with this subject, that the Cincinnati Horticultural Society, having noticed the report of last spring that the Osage Orange Hedges in the vicinity of that city had been damaged by the preceding winter, lately appointed a Committee to investigate the qualities and nature of the plant, and that in their Report appears a letter from WILLIAM NEFF, who, the Committee say, has given more attention to the cultivation of the Orange than any other man in Ohio. Mr. Neff says:

"It is now eighteen years since this subject first attracted my attention, and since that time not a year has passed without my having planted more or less. My first impressions were highly favorable to it, above all other plants, from the experience since has more and more confirmed this opinion. Indeed I consider the range of incalculable value to our country for fencing. The great disappointment in it for the purpose has arisen from a want of knowledge and neglect in its cultivation. This has been general, and I do not incline to relieve myself from a full share. The very greatest mistake has been from setting the plants too far apart. *They ought to be in a single row, and not more than four inches apart.* The advocates of wider setting, from their respectability and influence are, in my opinion, doing a great injury, and I think that further experience will convince them of their error.

The last winter has done injury to all the live fences, but I think they will generally recover from it. It was of unparalleled severity, and we may never see such another. I see no reason for discouraging its cultivation from the effect of the severe winter upon it, and I hope the Society will not lend its influence in that direction."

It will be noticed that Mr. Neff advocates planting in a *single* row, and four inches apart, while our Texas friend, speaking from his experience, advises a *double* row, the rows eight or ten inches asunder, and the plants in each row six inches from each other. No doubt either method would prove successful, though the advantage would appear to be with Mr. Martin's, a closer and more impenetrable hedge being secured by his plan.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR HENTZ.—This gentleman, the husband of the accomplished authoress, the late Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, died at Marianna, Florida, on the 4th inst.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 102—Adults 70, and children 122.

New Publications.

THE POETRY OF THE EAST. By WILLIAM ROSSER-VILLE ALGER. Whittemore, Niles & Hall, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The Rev. Mr. Alger is one of the able and highly cultured men of which Massachusetts is prolific. In the present work, he has given us English translations of the rarest specimens of Oriental poetical literature. They are prefaced by a historical and critical dissertation on the whole subject of Eastern poetry, in which a great mass of information regarding the Muse of the Orient is given with compactness and eloquence. The book is written *con amore*, and will, undoubtedly, occupy, as it deserves, a permanent place in literature. The translations are executed with fidelity, but are, we regret to say, very deficient in a poetical point of view. Mr. Alger has evidently a most vicious ear, and no mastery of rhythm and number. Moore's "Lalla Rookh," though the work of a British hand, is entirely and felicitously Oriental, and exactly expresses the whole poetical character of Eastern verse. Whoso reads it, is in intimate rapport with the Eastern Muse. The reader, having still fresh in his mind and memory its flexible, flowing, versatile movements, its unembarrassed rhythm, its grace, and ease, and melting melody, will come upon the crabbed, clumsy, unmusical renderings of Mr. Alger with disappointment, and may derive but a poor opinion of Hafiz, Firdousi, Nisami, and the other poets of the Orient. Yet we are assured by all who have written on the subject that the very soul of verbal music breathes in their strains, and that their poetry is, in all respects, fairly comparable with our own. The deficiency we have mentioned, is the sole blemish in Mr. Alger's book. Otherwise it is of the most unimpeachable excellence and value, and, for its high merits, deserves, as we have said, an honorable and abiding niche in literature.

THE AMERICAN POULTERER'S COMPANION. By C. N. BEMENT. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

A practical treatise on the breeding, rearing and general management of the various kinds of domestic poultry, abounding in minute and valuable information, and copiously illustrated with portraits of fowls, mostly taken from life, and instructive diagrams of poultry-houses, coops, nests, feeding-hoppers, etc. The work has been before the public for eleven years, and in that time has passed through several editions, and established its value. It now appears enlarged, improved, and embellished. We judge it to be of great practical worth, and think it deserving a place on every farmer's book-shelf. Too little attention has been given hitherto to the rearing of domestic fowls, though it is a branch of farm industry which might easily be made extremely profitable. If any person doubts that he can thus "put money in his purse," Mr. Bement's book will make the matter clear to him.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS: The Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, 1853-54-55. By ELISHA KENT KANE, M. D., U. S. N. Published and for sale by Childs & Peterson, Phila.

The long-looked-for work of Dr. Kane is out at last. It comes to us in beautiful typographical guise, printed in large, clear type, on stout, white paper, and handsomely illustrated by upwards of three hundred fine engravings. We need say little regarding a work which probably is already in the hands of a large number of our readers. The extracts we gave from the advance sheets, some time ago, have sufficiently proved at once its high literary character, and its strange and powerful interest. It must have for every mind the attraction of the most stirring romance. We advise every person to own it, for it will bear reading over and over again, and no one can tire of the wierd and wonderful scenery so vividly word-painted on its pages. It is compact of the stuff that poetry is made of, and abounds in pictures of Miltonic grandeur.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by all Booksellers.

A valuable work, containing the time tables, rates of fares, connections and distances on all the railways in the United States and the Canadas; and also the connecting lines of railways, steamboats and stages. Each principal road is illustrated by a well executed map which exhibits the stations, distances between stations, and connecting routes on that road. A general steamboat directory, and a complete guide to the principal hotels is added, together with much local and valuable information of various kinds. The author is Mr. G. F. Thomas, General Travelling Agent, and the work is published monthly under the supervision of the railway companies.

CHARICLES, A DRAMATIC POEM. By the Author of "Lyteria." Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The closing scenes in the life of the third Cæsar, as described by Tacitus and Suetonius, form the plot of this poem. It lacks the dramatic element, is too slow and cold in its movement for the tragic and passionate character of its story, but abounds in beautiful and lofty passages, and has much general merit. The central figure, the physician Charicles, is drawn in simple and noble outlines, though, like the other personages of the poem, he appears phantasmal, and without action and vital color.

LIFE AND THOUGHT; Or, Cherished Memorials of the late Julia A. Parker Dyson. Edited by MISS E. LATHROP. Whittemore, Niles & Hall, Boston. For sale by Smith & English, Phila.

A volume of miscellanies, prefaced by a memoir of their authoress, Mrs. Dyson, a lady much admired and beloved by a large circle of friends, for her amiability and piety, and for her literary talents. It is a friend's memorial of a friend, and, perhaps, should be strictly so regarded.—The poems and sketches which accompany the memoir, show much delicacy of feeling and sentiment, and a ready perception of the beautiful.

NARRATIVE OF THE GENERAL COURSE OF HISTORY FROM THE EARLIEST PERIODS TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION. By JACOB ABBOTT. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

A school history, presenting a general view of the leading events in the story of the world from the earliest epochs to the present age, and executed with Mr. Abbott's usual felicity, and power of condensation. The work is very fully and handsomely illustrated with maps and engravings, and is prepared with questions for the convenience of the instructor.

HERAD. By MRS ELLEN KEE BLENT. Published and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"Herad" is the quaint title of a little romance, in which the famous founder of Maryland, Lord Baltimore, is one of the principal figures. It is written with talent, and has passages of much pictural beauty.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS FOR THE YEAR 1855: Mechanics, Arts and Manufactures. 2 vols. C. Wendell, Printer, Washington.

HISTORY OF TEXAS, from its First Settlement, in 1685, to its Annexation to the United States, in 1846. By H. YOAKUM, Esq. 2 d Redfield, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

Two large volumes, handsomely printed and illustrated, professing to give a reliable account of the wild and perturbed process of events in Texan history. It is, we believe, the only history of that State which has yet been presented to the public, and appears to be full in detail, and simple, concise and succinct in style and narration.

☞ THE ETIQUETTE OF VISITING.—Do as echo does—she no sooner receives a call than immediately she responds to it.

☞ EDUCATION WITHOUT RELIGION.—Educate men without religion, and you make them but clever devils.—*Duke of Wellington.*

☞ The beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have the humility of the poor, and the poor who have the magnanimity of the rich.—*Saadi.*

☞ A young lady at one of the fashionable Saratoga hotels asked the waiter for a spoon; whereupon the worthy representative of hotel manners presented her with the implement from his breeches pocket!

☞ A physician, being long teased with a hypochondriacal patient, at last said to him:—"I have now only one thing to propose to you; become a foot-soldier as soon as you can, for in your present situation, as a gentleman, you eat and drink too much, and work too little."

☞ FOUR-THIRDS.—The Limerick Chronicle says:—"Poisonous adulteration of whiskey was never practiced to such an extent as at present, by the admixture of one-third spirits, one-third aquafortis, one third vitriol, and one-third water. This is the sort generally vended in drams to the public."

☞ They have a new way of hatching chickens in the West, by which a single maternal fowl is made to do the duty of a hundred. They fill a barrel with eggs, and place a hen on the bunghole.

☞ CHIVALRIC DARING.—A milkman in this vicinity, who has grown rich by his business, has set up a carriage, and has had painted on one of the panels, a pump, and on the other a cow. Between the two he gets along very comfortably.

☞ SINGULAR MONUMENT.—Elkanah Watson, in his memoirs, states that the magistracy of Devizes, a large market town in England, erected a monument to commemorate a striking interposition of Divine judgment. A thief [illegible] by the inscription is this: A woman having purchased some commodities in the market, upon payment being demanded, an altercation ensued, and she uttered the imprecation—"May God strike me dead if I have not paid it!" She fell down and immediately expired, and in the clenched hand, which she had impiously raised to Heaven to attest her perjury, was found the money in controversy. "Facts like this bear fearful and powerful admonition of the interposition of an omniscient God in the affairs of man."

"If man could see
The perils and diseases that he elbows
Each day he walks a mile, which catch at him,
Which fall behind and graze him as he passes,
Then he would know that Life's a single pilgrim,
Fighting unarmed amidst a thousand soldiers."

☞ A gentleman asked a friend whether Mr. Smith was not a *moderate man?* "Oh, yes," said he, "very much so. Indeed, I may say, he is *fierce for moderation!*"

☞ A Western editor puts up on the door of his sanctum—"Lady visitors are requested to go to the devil when they wish to obtain an interview with the editor."

☞ SMALL PROFITS.—One day a gentleman asked Mr. Ricardo, "What is the secret by which you have accumulated so much wealth?" "I will tell you," said Mr. Ricardo, "I was always contented with small profits. I sold whenever I could make a gain, and never held on to my goods in hope of a rise in price, a practice by which more lose than gain in the long run."

☞ A country lecturer, some years since, thus described part of his apparatus:—"Now, gentlemen, this 'ere vessel is full of air, and that 'ere vessel is full of vacuum."

☞ Capt. E. W. Paul had a bet of $10,000 that he could kill three turkeys, at 105 yards, through a two-inch board, with a pistol. He killed the three turkeys in twelve shots. The turkeys were fastened behind the board, so that he could not see them at the time of shooting.

☞ A lady who superintends a Sunday School having occasion to interrogate one of her pupils as to the cause of her father's non-attendance at church, received the following innocent reply, prefaced, of course, by a sweet little drop of a curtsey:—"Please, mem, my father says he isn't coming to church any more, t'parson hollers out so he can't get a bit of sleep."

☞ Theodore Hook once said to a man at whose table a bibliopolist got very drunk—"Why, you appear to have emptied your *wine-cellar* into your *book seller.*"

☞ Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on oneself.—*Punch.*

☞ Learn the value of a man's words and expressions, and you know him. Each man has a measure of his own for everything. This he offers you, inadvertently, in his words. He who has a superlative for everything wants a measure for the great or small.—*Lavater.*

☞ Brown says he has seen *a rope walk;* Jones thinks that he has seen a rail *fence;* and Robinson says that's nothing—he has seen a hat *box!*

☞ A WONDERFUL TELESCOPE.—An Irish auctioneer, whilst expatiating on the merits of a telescope, sagely observed:—"How often has the widow's heart leapt for joy when she has beheld her husband at a distance brought near to her by such an instrument as this!"

☞ The hearing ear is always found close to the speaking tongue; and no genius can long or often utter anything which is not invited and gladly entertained by men around him.—*English Traits.*

We cannot lift the wintry pall
From buried life; nor bring
Back, with Love's passionate thinking, all
The glory of the Spring.
But soft along the old green way
We feel her breath of gold,
Her radiant vesture ripples gay—
She comes: and all is told
—*Gerald Massey.*

☞ "Honest industry has brought that man to the scaffold," said a wag, as he saw a carpenter upon the staging.

A woman's soul is in the times; they stand
Low muttering heated things that wing form here;
Their busy whisperings done, the Plane-trees burn!
But lo, a warm wind wimowing odor-rain
Gives breathing by.
—*Gerald Massey.*

☞ SUBTLE AND SPITEFUL WIT.—Rogers was unceasingly at war with the late Lady D. One day at dinner, she called across the table, "Now, Mr. Rogers, I am sure you are talking about me" (not attacking, as the current version runs.) "Lady D.," was the return, "I pass my life in defending you."

☞ The wave of prosperity had risen up to his very lips, and its ripples were forever breaking there, in a succession of easy smiles.—*Miss Warren.*

A CHINESE PLACARD.

We extract the following curious paper from the Missionary Herald. It is a translation of a Placard prepared in Canton, China, to be stuck up in the streets. It shows that the "leaven is working," and though persecution may be before the Christians, in the end they must succeed. Our own missionaries in Fuh Chau report increased attention to the Gospel.

"AN ESSAY ON ERADICATING HERESY AND HONORING TRUTH.

"The most important thing in the world is public opinion, and morality among men, both of which are injured by the distribution of the books of Jesus. Unscrupulous barbarians and cunning natives have banded together in their traitorous schemes of sedition, to scatter abroad these books of Jesus, and exhort men to join his religion, which is the same as inviting them to join the Shanghai Association (*i. e.* the Nanking Insurgents;) and the disorders which have come from those rebels owe their source to this wicked conduct. To urge men to destroy their idols, and pay no worship to their ancestors, is like entreating them to join a troop of wild beasts, and is the detestable thing the Romanists constantly have done. Does not the circulation of the books of Jesus injure public opinion and destroy the moral sense of men? Still, if we do not describe the evil things in these books, our own people will not know the grounds of their own reasoning and morality; if their errors are not eliminated, how can the evils which flow therefrom be removed? Therefore I do not begrudge some trouble to show plainly to all classes the bad results which flow from the doctrines in these books, so that none be heedlessly entrapped in their wily meshes, and have cause to rue it. By so doing I shall lend a little help, too, in saving public opinion and morals from ruin.

"Now this Jesus was a worthy man who lived in the countries of the barbarians. When those savages first had a being, a scantling of the breath and bounties of heaven were granted them. At this period they were ignorant and uncivilized, in nowise differing from the brutes; for though they had had natures conferred on them, they were rabid and cruel; though they were human beings, they were coarse, groveling, and without shame. Wherefore heaven specially brought forth this person, Jesus, to humanize and reform them, to teach them to observe the social relations, to select herbs to cure their maladies, to make and use implements to improve their mode of living, and to instruct them how to take care of their living and give burial to the dead. He was still in the land of Judea when he was taken up and used most cruelly, nailed on a cross, cut with knives, sawed asunder, and seethed, in a caldron; all of which, in fact, only exhibited the wolfish disposition of these people. After this, he died several times, and came to life again, showing [illegible] drous miracles, that he might reform their base and cruel natures.

"After these things, many persons joined in repeating over his sayings among themselves and to others, thus to reverence and obey him; and for thousands of years they have adopted his instruction, until all foreign lands have been brought to adhere to him alone, to the exclusion of every other person, and they now reverence and adore him as a true God (*chin shin.*) It is by his power, in short, that these barbarians exhibit any good feelings, and know how to requite the virtue of Jesus; it is most proper, therefore, that he is worshipped and served by them all.

"But as to our land of China, the Central Flowery Kingdom, since the earliest times, many holy men have been born among us from age to age, in each successive dynasty, both innately holy sages, and worthies now departed, who have taught us in the fullest manner, explaining and enforcing their books on reason and virtue in the clearest style, so that we now govern the empire and its people, have become acquainted with astronomy and geography, (or astrology and geomancy,) use dresses, robes of ceremony, articles of furniture, tools, dishes, and every other convenience, observe the rules of etiquette, prepare herbs for healing, and have instituted civil ranks and military offices, all in the highest, completest manner.

"Furthermore, we Chinese were born under a sky where the most correct auspices of the five elements prevailed, and our natures are generous, and we have a deep sense of gratitude, and the highest regard for propriety in consequence. We exalt the holy and wise men of antiquity, the loyal statesmen and upright scholars who have deserved well of their race; we cherish their virtues and imitate their examples. It is for this reason that we carve and mold their effigies to worship them; and the adoration paid to these images is simply the expression of the reverence felt for these persons. It is true, however, that the spirits (*lingheaus*) of the holy and wise, the loyal and just, who have done good to men, still abide among men after death, protecting them from injury, and overseeing all calamities and omens which indicate misfortune or prosperity. Therefore the gods exhibit their intelligence in the influence felt by the worshippers whose prayers are answered. Although we carve and mould the images with a severe and forbidding aspect and mien, it is that the divine energy may have a proper support and expression, and cause the worshippers to feel a due reverence and awe in their presence.

"What a vast difference between this and the unfounded, unreasonable sayings of Jesus, who is vainly called the Son of Shangti! Who, among us Chinese, have seen his works or believed in his name!

"As to the worship of ancestors, since men derive their blood in succession from one to the other, it only exhibits the filial affection of their hearts in a clear mode: for if a man never thinks of his parents, or feels grateful to them for his being, but joins the religion of Jesus, which does not require him to worship them, what matter is it to him whether he has any sons or grandsons? From this it is too plain that the tenets of this religion teach men to regard neither prince nor parent, and to profane the gods.

"Foreigners have lately come to China to disseminate the books of Jesus, to ridicule our custom of worshipping images and idols, and reverencing our ancestors, and to exhort people to join this faith. Their designs are malignant and their plans deep and subtle, wishing to lead our people gradually, and flatter them with enticing words as they can understand what is said; or with the offer of a little advantage, as one would give a sweetmeat to a child, to induce our people to join this religion without prince or parent, and obey its rules not to worship the gods. This greatly tends to the detriment of public opinion and good morals, mars the beauty and disturbs the order of our cosmos, and utterly confounds what our holy and wise men have taught respecting reason, virtue, humanity and justice. Those who circulate the books of Jesus are villainous, seditious barbarians, whom heaven or earth cannot endure, and who ought to suffer the extreme penalty of the laws of the realm.

"The vagabonds among us, lazy, dissipated fellows, base, unpolished and stupid people, have been deluded into joining this religion of Jesus, and listening to these foreign rebels who discard both prince and parent, and have stirred up rebellion under Taiping. Oh, that the laws of the empire might be put in force against them all, and they and their kindred swept from the face of the earth, and no place of repentance be found for them!

"Now, therefore, in order to countervail the effects of promulgating the books and doctrines of Jesus, and cause their character to be easily known, there is no plan so good as for parents to teach their sons, and elder and younger brothers, on no account to adopt the religion of Jesus. Happy will it be for the Chinese, if they escape the misfortunes and woes flowing from it. At present, none of the gentry or titled people among the upper classes, none of the literati or graduates, none of the liberal, polished scholars among us, attend the rooms where these books are distributed, or listen to the instructions there given. It may be feared, therefore, that these foreign enemies will take advantage of this to inveigle the simple into their wicked ways, so that it is very important to reject their nonsense, and clearly perceive its tendency.

"As to what they say of heaven's palace and earth's prison, (heaven and hell,) and of the souls of mankind after death, it is plain that these result from the influences between heaven and earth; they are the highest principle that guides the changes in all creation. Do these foolish barbarians dream that *they* can find out one point in ten thousand respecting them? Can any body believe, for instance, that the soul of a man who dies in China, can hope to be saved by Jesus in a foreign country? Even these devils themselves hardly believe it. Where is the reason in it? Mencius says, 'I have heard of Chinese reforming barbarians, but never that Chinese have been reformed by them.' Carefully ponder these wise words, and happy will you be.

"Printed in the spring of 1856."

POLITICAL NEWS.

LOUISIANA.—The Louisiana Courier publishes returns from every parish in the State, except Calcasieu, which shows a majority of 1,707 for Buchanan. This parish will give a Democratic majority of about 300.

MISSOURI.—We have full and official returns from 84 counties in Missouri of the vote for President, which foot up 49,850 for Buchanan, and 43,863 for Fillmore. In the same counties, at the gubernatorial election, Polk, Atchison Democrat, had 41,617, and Ewing, American, 37,860.

TEXAS.—Returns from ten counties in Texas give Buchanan 1,218 majority.

ILLINOIS.—The official vote of Illinois was ascertained at Springfield, on Thursday, of last week. The figures, as telegraphed to Chicago, are as follows:

Buchanan	105,311	Fremont	96,189	Fillmore	37,451
Richardson	106,442	Bissell	111,272	Morris	19,261
Hamilton	105,299	Wood	110,284	Bond	18,245
Snyder	106,019	Hatch	115,538	Young	13,292
Casey	106,230	Dubois	109,436	Barber	20,900
Moore	107,048	Miller	109,430		
St. Matthew	106,821	Powell	109,328	Jenkins	20,378

Buchanan's majority over Fremont is 9,164, Bissell's (Repub.) majority over Richardson (Dem.), is 4,729. Miller's majority over Moore is 21,382. The whole Anti-Nebraska State ticket is elected.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—Mr. Fillmore's letter, addressed to friends in California, on this subject, will be found below:

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 30, 1856.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 4th inst., in which you inquire whether my sentiments remain the same in reference to internal improvements by the General Government, and especially with reference to a Railroad in California, as they were in 1850, when I sent my first annual message to Congress.

In reply to your inquiry, permit me to state that I have invariably refused to pledge myself to any particular course of policy in case of my election to the Presidency. My past life is the only guaranty which I can give for my future conduct. But I have no hesitation in saying that I have seen no cause to change my sentiments on the subjects of your inquiry; and consequently they remain the same as they were when I penned my annual message to Congress in 1850.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

—THE WRECK OF THE LYONNAIS.—Nothing has, as yet, been heard of the fate of the steamer Lyonnais and the remainder of her crew. The steamer Marion returned on the 19th inst., from an ineffectual quest pursued through heavy gales, off Nantucket Shoals, and has again sailed on another cruize with the same purpose. The conduct of Captain Dunham, of the Adriatic is commented on with much severity by the Eastern papers. His departure from the steamer after the collision, without ascertaining what damage he had done, (his own vessel not being seriously injured,) is charged upon him as an action of discreditable indifference or inhumanity. Justice to the captain, however, requires a suspension of judgment until all the circumstances are plainly known. He has published a statement of the affair, which differs in some particulars, from that already furnished by the survivors of the wreck of the Lyonnais.

IRON CARS.—Dr. La Mothe has lately patented an iron car, which is building at Paterson, N. J. It will be of the ordinary shape and dimensions, being designed to seat sixty passengers, and resting on two four-wheeled trucks. The body of the car will consist of strong iron bands twelve or fifteen inches apart, running lengthwise and crosswise, and secured by rivets at their intersections. This will constitute the frame work, which will be covered by sheet iron on the flooring, and iron panels with glass windows on the side. There is to be no wood work whatever about the cars; but to counteract the radiation of heat, and obviate dangers from accident, the inside will be lined throughout with several layers of thick pasteboard and heavy cushions.

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT AT BERGEN HILL, N. J.—A dreadful accident occurred on Saturday afternoon last, at the tunnel which is being cut through Bergen Hill, on the line of the New York and Erie Railroad, two miles from New York. A shaft has been sunk at this point 75 feet in depth, for the purpose of clearing the tunnel from the debris, and letting the workmen down. For this purpose, a large tub, attached to a rope is used. On Saturday last, five of the laborers got into the tub, and when it was lowered about five feet from the surface, the rope broke and the whole party were dashed to the bottom of the shaft. Three were instantly killed, a fourth fatally injured, and the fifth very seriously. The latter two were taken to the New York Hospital.

BROOKS' CHIROGRAPHY.—A good story is told about the writing of J. W. Brooks, the great railroad manager, of Michigan. He had written a letter to a man on the Central route, notifying him that he must remove a barn, which in some manner incommoded the road, under penalty of prosecution. The threatened individual was unable to read any part of the letter but the signature, but took it to be a free pass on the road, and used it for a couple of years as such, none of the conductors being able to dispute his interpretation of the document.—*Boston Traveller.*

ANOTHER OF THE BETS.—At Chicago a most singular bet was made upon the Presidential election by a German, who bet his house, lot and wife and baby, that Fremont would be elected. After hearing the result, he took his deeds, wife and child, and made a tender of all in good faith. But his friend, having one wife and five children, refused to increase his stock in that way, and, therefore declined to take the poor man's family and property, but gave him a piece of advice, took a drink of beer, and they parted good friends.

WILMINGTON, Nov. 22.—His Excellency, Gov. Causey, has appointed Joseph P. Comegys, Esq., of Dover, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the Hon. John M. Clayton.

A COSTLY BRIDGE.—The suspension bridge about to be erected over the Mississippi in St. Louis, it is said, will be the most costly in the world. It will cost about two millions of dollars, will be 84 feet above high water, and over a mile in length. The bottom of the towers will be 60 feet below low water.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Persia from Liverpool with dates to the 15th inst., arrived at New York on the 25th.

A severe gale occurred at Liverpool on the 14th, doing much damage to the shipping.

The English ministerial papers publish complacently that the alliance of France and England was as close and cordial as ever, and that it has never been shaken or impaired.

Leopold Redpath, the Registrar of the great Northern Railway of England, has absconded, being a defaulter to the amount of £150,000.

The Emperor Napoleon remains at Paris. Gen. Kesselef, the Russian Ambassador, had delivered his credentials, and were favorably received.

COMMERCIAL.—Liverpool, Nov. 13.—Cotton market inactive during the week.

Middling qualities have improved 1-16th, being scarce. The sales of the week have been 41,000 bales, including 5,000 on speculation, and 2,000 bales for export. The sales on Friday were 6,000 bales, of which 500 were for speculation and export. The market closed steady. The stock of Cotton at Liverpool is about 307,000 bales, of which 200,000 are American.

Breadstuffs generally inactive and slightly cheaper.—Weather favorable.

Consols for money are quoted at 93¼@93¾.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—The money market is decidedly more stringent, and the Bank of England has increased its rate of discount to 7 per cent.

The bullion in the Bank of England has decreased £60,000, and the returns of the Bank of France show a decrease of 2,800,000 francs.

The quotations for Cotton are as follows:—Fair Orleans 7¾, Middling 7. Fair Uplands 7¼, Middling 6¾.

Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co.'s quotations for Breadstuffs are: Wheat has declined 2d., but there is an improved demand. Red Wheat 8s@8s 3d; White Wheat 9s@9s 3d.

Flour generally has declined 1s. Western Canal 30s@35s. Baltimore and Philadelphia 32s@34s. Ohio Flour 32s@36s.

Corn is in improved demand at an advance of 6d.—Mixed Corn 31s. 6d. Yellow 34s.

Provisions are dull, and prices generally unchanged.

Messrs. Baring & Brothers report the Iron market quiet, with little speculative inquiry. Welsh bars and rails £8 5s. Scotch pig 56s.

THE EAST TENNESSEE BANK IN DIFFICULTY.—LOUISVILLE, Nov. 20.—The bills of the Bank of East Tennessee, are refused by the Kentucky and Tennessee Banks.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Schiller Society, in Germany, has purchased the house in which the poet lived, in Gohlis, for a sum of $2,000; the building, which is an old tumble down tenement, has long been offered for sale.

MILK SICKNESS.—The Peoria (Illinois) papers say that the milk sickness is prevailing to an alarming extent in the Mackinaw Bottoms, about ten miles from Pekin. Over one hundred head of cattle died in one week from the disease; one farmer lost forty fine cattle. It is still spreading, and the people dare not touch or taste meat, milk or butter in the whole region.

A COLT FROM A MULE.—The Baltimore (Md.) Sun publishes the following letter:—

"SAN MARCOS, TEXAS, Oct. 7, 1856.—I have a mule that I raised, three years old in June last, that now has a colt by her side. Please say what I must call it. Its ears are not like the mule nor the horse. In other respects it resembles the mule. If any one disputes it, I have the mule and her colt in my lot. The doubting Thomases can see for themselves.

"JNO. D. PITTS."

A LONG RANGE.—Some soldiers who were firing a Minie rifle at a target, at Magdebourg, Saxony, at a distance of 1,000 paces, hit and mortally wounded a laborer at work 700 paces beyond. A sheep was accidentally killed in England with the Enfield rifle, from a distance of 2,500 yards.

STARTLING DISCOVERY.—In cleaning out an old well on a *rancho*, recently occupied by a Captain Colebrooke, on the Calaveras road, between the Calaveras and Stanislaus rivers, in California, portions of the skeletons of twenty-seven men were discovered. The police were instituting an active search for the late occupant of the place.

A GREAT HONEY CROP.—M. M. Quimby, of St. Johnsville, Montgomery county, N. Y., has sold this year upwards of 20,000 pounds of honey. Himself and son make the production of honey a business, and undoubtedly a very profitable one. The honey is deposited by the bees in small, cheap boxes, with glass sides and ends, and sold in the same by weight, including the weight of boxes.

CAUTION TO WESTERN TRAVELLERS.—The Pittsburg Chronicle states there is a considerable business done in selling bogus railroad tickets and conductors' checks for tickets in many of the more prominent cities of the West. Those wishing to travel on railroads should never purchase tickets of any persons who hawk them about. The regular offices of the companies are the only safe places at which genuine tickets can be obtained. There should be some additional precaution adopted in the manner of protecting strangers from imposition.

[illegible] table wool has lately been patented. It is cheaper, more durable, and cooler than that hitherto in use. In color alone it is deficient; for, while the green and yellow are perfect, the red and blue are rather indistinct and muddy. The material promises well, most of all for hangings. The Algerian stripe, so much in vogue just now, being quite as perfect as any at present made, can be manufactured at a saving of one-half the price.

A SERIOUS CHARGE.—It is alleged that the Governor of Cuba receives $51, and his two deputies $25½ each, for each negro landed from slavers on the island.

SINGULAR CATASTROPHE.—At Paris recently, the Comtesse Charles Fitzjames, in passing through a room when in full dress, stepped upon a lucifer match lying on the floor, by which her clothes were set on fire, and she was so badly burned that she died after several weeks of severe suffering.

NEW CARRIAGE.—A new style of carriage has been introduced in England, which may at any time be thrown open on all sides like a barouche; it has also a concealed step, operating by the opening and shutting of the door.

SALE OF NEGROES.—We learn from *The Abbeville* (S. C.) *Independent Press*, that the negroes on the estate of the late Hon. Geo. McDuffie, numbering about 210, have been sold to a wealthy Western planter for $140,000, being an average of near $700 each. It was stipulated in the sale that they shall not be separated.

A MONSTER EEL.—Our friend, Col. Walters, brought into our office, on Tuesday evening, an eel measuring four feet and a half in length, and weighing *eleven and a half pounds.* It was taken by the Colonel at Weehawken; and he says that he should judge, when coming up at the end of his line, it weighed about *a ton.*—*Spirit of the Times.*

A CORRESPONDENT of Porter's Spirit of the Times, says that £5,000 sterling ($24,000) has been offered and refused for the English two-year old filly, Blink Bonny—the largest sum ever offered for a filly or colt of that age.

ONE of the persons who accompanied the Emperor of France to Lyons, relates an interesting incident which passed under his own eyes. At the moment when he was the busiest engaged in distributing aid to the sufferers around him, a man of the people, an *currier*, face to face with him, standing right in front of his horse's head, and staring fixedly at him, said: "Well, Louis Napoleon, I cordially detest you; but I admire you as cordially, too."

A COW STORY.—The Niagara Falls (N. Y.) Gazette says: "The eastward bound train, when passing Miller's Corner, on Friday afternoon, at the rate of thirty-five miles per hour, caught a cow, setting her up in front of the engine. The train was stopped as soon as possible, and the cow assisted to alight, when she started off on a run."

A MIRACULOUS BARREL.—More than one hundred bushels of apples, of the "identical barrel," wheeled from Newburyport to Boston, Mass., by Major Poore, have been sold in the latter city at large prices. This barrel bids fair to rival Signor Blitz's famous egg-bag, as regards inexhaustibility.

TRAGEDY IN GEORGIA.—Dr. B. H. Perkins, of Cuthbert county, Ga., went to Americus, on the 8th inst., with $1,500, to pay a bank debt, but was entrapped into a gambling-house and lost it all. He then opened an artery in his arm and bled to death. A public meeting was then called by the Mayor, and resolutions adopted to rid the town of gambling-houses.

GEORGE W. JOHNSON, one of the large sugar planters on the Mississippi, below New Orleans, who died recently, has left an estate valued at not less than $7,000,000. He has, by his will, manumitted all his slaves, two hundred in number. They are all to be sent to Liberia, in four years from his death, and each one is to be furnished with $50.

A MUSICAL PEOPLE.—It is estimated that there are 700,000 pianos in use in this country at the present time.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.—A London paper gives a very gratifying account of the progress Christianity has made in New Zealand. A chief of that cannib

A MAN OVERBOARD!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY A WANDERER.

"*Man overboard!*" The thrilling cry rang around our swarming decks, lifted its troubled voice above the roaring of the elements, and caused strong hearts to tremble, and weaker ones to sicken over the peril of the unknown victim.

"*Who is it? Where is he?*" No one can tell. At length a dark struggling spot is seen away astern upon the snowy wake, throwing up two pleading arms and raising a frightened voice for aid and rescue.

"*There he is! There he is!*" A hundred voices proclaim the fatal truth, a hundred fingers point to the fatal spot, but before their echoes have died upon the howling gale, our scudding ship has dragged us beyond the reach of that frightened voice, almost out of sight of those outstretched and pleading arms.

"Cut away the life buoy! Jump to the lee braces! Hard down the helm! Call away the lee quarter boat!"

It was the tremulous but ready and sounding voice of the officer of the deck that issued these rapid orders as the first cry reached his ear, and as its well-known tones broke upon the excited crew, they sprang to their stations, and with nervous strength dragged around the ponderous yards, and brought the flying frigate up against the gale and sea.

"Keep fast the boat a moment, Mr. P——," said our weather-beaten old commander, as he sprang up the after-hatch with the activity of bygone days, and cast an anxious glance upon the threatening seas that were now bursting by us in their towering strength; "I don't think she will live in a sea like this. We must reflect a moment before we risk more lives."

The younger and more ardent officer looked into the anxious face of his wary superior, and held out the speaking-trumpet to him.

"Take charge of the deck, sir!" he exclaimed in an excited but respectful voice, "and I will find men who will volunteer for that risk. We cannot leave him to sink for fear of a risk. A man's about the boat myself."

The speaker was a man of no few years himself. In 1820 he had entered the navy as a midshipman. He was then fifteen, and it was now 1840. He was therefore thirty-five years of age, and yet he was still a lieutenant, only the third lieutenant of a frigate. He was a man of powerful build, of true courage, and of indomitable energy. He was regarded as the best seaman on board, and was liked and respected as a man who always accorded justice to his inferior, who always exacted it from his superior. He had the heart of a giant, too. He was the most noble of a noble set of old Ocean's Wanderers.

The gray-headed commander looked into the blazing eyes of the enthusiast, and smiled a smile of hopeless consent.

"Call your men! Give me the trumpet! I have nothing more to say—go and do what you can."

P—— walked quickly forward towards the expectant crew, and cast a searching glance among their anxious faces. Some there were who read the meaning of that glance, and dropped, as it were accidentally, behind their comrades; while there were others who pressed forward into the vacant places to hear what he had to say. His words were few, and it was to these latter that he addressed them.

"Boys," he said, "one of our shipmates, one of your messmates is overboard, and much in want of help. He is doubtless now straining his eyes to see a boat lowered, and it would give him courage and nerve his arm were we to do so. He now sees the ship hove-to, and hope rises in his poor, lone heart; let us not crush that hope, let us not leave him to struggle alone. Look at the sea that is running, weigh well the risk that you will encounter, and then step between these guns as many as will go with me to pick him up."

Seven men only, stepped slowly, in a half hesitating manner between the guns. The rest hung back. The regular crew of the boat that had been called away were no where to be seen. They shrank from the dangerous service now that they were no longer ordered.

"I want five men yet," said P——. "The boat pulls twelve oars."

There was no excitement now of either voice or manner. The former was cold and measured, almost touched by sarcasm; the latter, gloomily quiet; quiet and gloomy in the very intensity of the knowledge of the peril into which he knew he was asking men to cast their lives.

Three more men joined the first seven. The rest hung back with a look of anxious and troubled doubt.

"Only two more wanting now," continued P——, and as he spoke, he looked inquiringly into the eyes of a swarthy-featured, long-limbed boatswain's-mate, who had all the while been regarding him with a look of gloomy uncertainty. "I don't wish to force any of you; I only want you to look up there to windward, where your messmate is swimming towards us, and tell me if you will let him swim alone?—if you will not go to meet him?"

"It's no kinder use, Mr. P——," here spoke up the boatswain's mate, into whose eyes he still gazed; "I ain't afeered of neither wind nor salt water, and I don't s'pose many of the rest of us is neither. But then, sir, a boat's a boat, and water's water; and we ain't got nuthin at our backs that'll live to pull up agin this sea. I'd rather not risk it, sir, and what's more, I'd rather see you, sir, a holdin' on to that 'ere trumpet, than a temptin' God's providence. It'll only be a drownin' fourteen, in place o' one."

P—— turned his eyes from those of the speaker, and ran them slowly along the crowded front.

"Only two more wanting," he repeated.

Those few words, and a look of sorrowful disappointment, were the only reply he deigned to the honest warning of one whose life he had once saved, and who he knew to be a brave man, a ready seaman, and an humble but sincere well-wisher.

"Only two more wanting—ye may soon be too late."

An old quarter-master, and a young topman, a mere lad in years, stepped out from the crowd, and crossed over to windward.

"All right! Mr. P——," said the former. "This won't be the *first* cruise we've took in company around old Davie's locker; there's no reason why we shouldn't weather out this one as well as them."

The boatswain's-mate drew his rough hand across his swimming eyes, and turned his back upon the desperate group.

"Bad! bad! only so many more," he muttered, as he returned to his station in the weather gangway, and scowled gloomily out upon the threatening sea.

The frigate was now "by the wind," on the starboard tack. We had been running before the gale, under a double-reefed fore and main-topsail, and now that she was "lying to," the foresail had been hauled up, the fore-storm staysail hoisted, and the topmost staysail hauled down, the foretopsail also had been clued down, and the topmen were on the yard reefing. She was butting into the driving sea at a furious rate, and rolling at intervals, as only a heavy ship can roll in a heavy seaway. It was a dangerous business even to lower a boat.

* * * * * * * *

Everything was ready—a comparatively smooth time at hand. P—— and some of the crew were in the boat, while the others stood ready to let themselves down into her by ropes' ends, as soon as she should touch the water—the smoother time came.

"Lower away!" cried P——, in a voice as cool and measured as if he had been taking in the ship's royals.

The boat's falls creaked and moaned as if unwilling to participate in the desperate undertaking.

"Lower! Lower! *Let go o-o-!*" exclaimed a dozen voices, as the ship rolled heavily to leeward, and the boat rested upon the body of the heavy sea that swelled up under her counter.

"All right! Jump in, men! *Now's* your time!"

A heavy dive of the ship, another heavy roll, a lead-like sinking of the stern, as the sea passed from under her, a heavy thump, and the crash of over-strained oak.

The boat's bow had been caught under the counter, her whole stem fearfully shattered, and she herself thrown bodily away by the force of the concussion.

The excited crew, regardless of the etiquette of the quarter-deck, rushed aft in a body, and gazed anxiously through the port-holes and over the hammock-nettings at her shattered bow.

Our commander's face grew pale, and he put his right hand over his heart—under the vest; it was his habit when anything troubled him.

"Pull back under the counter, Mr. P——!" he exclaimed; but the gale was now between him and the unwilling ear of the lieutenant, and the boat pointed her shattered head against the sea—toward the pleading arms that had lifted themselves over the struggling spot.

"*Brave fellow! no won't hear,*" muttered a broken voice at my elbow.

I turned, and saw the athletic form of the boatswain's-mate, his eyes gleaming with a strange excitement, and his swarthy features working with spasmodic emotions.

I was a boy then, a young midshipman, and I knew not the hopeless nature of the work that was under way. I only knew that P—— had once dragged that athletic form from the door of death, and that he had now looked into those swarthy features in vain, pleading for companionship.

"You might have gone with him," I remarked, condemningly.

He looked at me, and moved slowly away, it was his only answer, but I have that look before me now—it said, "Horror! Horror! He is lost—how can I save him?" I began to tremble, though I knew not why, and ceased to blame his apparent cowardice.

The boat was evidently making a bad weather of it; she lifted herself more heavily than at first against the curling crests of water that rushed towards her, and scarcely seemed to make any headway against them. We thought, too, that she sat lower in the water, but there were some who thought differently, and said it was only because her distance was increasing.

Presently we saw the two bow oarsmen lay in their oars, and pass aft into the stern sheets; then they stooped down, and shortly after, two bucketsfull of water were emptied over the side. The sea was too much for her: she was beginning to swamp. They had commenced to bail. The swarthy-featured seaman's judgment was right.

Our captain's face grew a shade paler, and his hand again rested over his heart. "That blow was a bad business," he remarked, in a voice of forced calmness. "She takes in water fast enough over her gunwales, and that has doubtless caused her to leak also. Got help them!"

The first lieutenant (who had soon relieved the commander of the trumpet) had now reefed and clewed up the foretopsail; there was nothing more to be done about the decks, and all hands had consequently lined the weather bulwarks and rigging to watch the toiling boat and the distant buoy which it was reported the man had reached. Every one could see both the boat and the buoy, and it seemed as if our several senses had concentrated their separate powers into the single one of *sight*, so intense and steady was our gaze.

Now and then a troubled voice told the fear of a still more troubled heart, but it was in a whisper, or in an isolated exclamation.

Suddenly a stifled cry, with some a prayer, with others a curse, arose from our midst, and a surging movement, like the swaying of an angry mob, passed over the crowded bulwarks.

The boat was gone—swamped! the sea washed over her, and other pleading arms were now raising themselves in their awful hopelessness.—"Misery! misery!" muttered the commander, as he turned from the dreadful sight, and passed his hand across his brow and furrowed brow.

"Sir, this is awful!" exclaimed the first lieutenant, as he turned suddenly and cast a look of painful inquiry at the shrouded brow of his superior officer. "What can we do, sir! Another boat!"

"No more—no more! It will only be adding to the number! We must try to beat up to windward in the ship, and then heave to along side of them. Call all hands, make sail, sir. Turn the third reef out of the foretopsail, and set the courses. Don't be afraid of driving her under."

The clear, shrill whistle of the boatswain and his mates rose above the howling of the gale, and their hoarse voices called each man to his station. There was one whistle that wavered in its prolonged notes, one voice whose natural strength seemed broken, half-choked by a rising heart.

The men sprang aloft like cats, and spread themselves out upon the unsteady yards. My station was in the mizzen-top. No sail to loose, no men to order! I adjusted a glass, and turned my gaze upon the mournful scene.

I saw strong and brave men beginning to measure their powers of endurance with the strength of the elements at war; the boat still floated, and they were trying to hang by her as their only hope. I could see the seas wash over her, turn her over like a barrel, and bury those who clung to her under her revolving frame, or wash them completely away upon the foaming surge. Then I could see these latter swim slowly back to her, and the former rise from under her, and grip again her slippery sides, in the almost hopeless aim of climbing to her keel.

Now one succeeds and holds out his hand to another; two, three; the boat settles as their weight increases; four, five, six—at length they are *all* upon her bottom, and I breathe more freely.

Vain hope! the last man has scarcely regained comparative safety, when another sea washes over them, and thins their ranks; there is more swimming through the strangling foam, more stretching out of assisting hands, but this time she has not turned over, and those who were not washed off are saving their strength; possibly she may not turn again; they may live through it, after all.

Alas! she again drifts broadside to the sea—again buries them on her revolving keel; man's strength cannot last long against such repeated trials.

In the meantime the frigate staggers along under her increased sail, plunging heavily into the driving seas, and careening until the muzzles of our spar-deck guns plough through the boiling foam that rises under our lee. It seemed as if she must stave in her bow, or spring out her masts at almost every jump, so great were the shocks that trembled through her timbers, as she drove over and through the heavier rollers. It was a fearful trial of her strength, and of that of the bending spars; and yet it was our only hope. It seemed like madness to think of risking another boat.

It was a sickening occupation, to sit thus in calm security watching through my glass the protracted struggle. Finally they seemed to tire of climbing to her keel only to be washed off again, and contented themselves with holding on to the sides of the boat; they had evidently passed lines over her bottom, and, half on one side, half on the other, were steadying her against the seas by their counter balancing weights.

I recognised the saving device as the offspring of P——'s ready brain, and began to hope that it might prove successful; a wandering shark or the loss of strength with time, were all they had now to fear; the atmosphere was mild, the water warm; there was no danger from cramp.

Ten minutes rolled by, and again the shrill whistle rises over the gale. It is time to "tack" and stand back towards the swamped boat; now is the tug; if she will go around against that sea and gale, we shall save them; if she fails we shall have to wear, and then we will have lost ground.

Those ten minutes had not been idle ones. A triangular drag of spars and canvas had been rigged, and now hung over the weather quarter ready for dropping into the sea as soon as the helm should be eased down. A light towline was bent to the bight of a span that went from the vertex of each angle, led through a block on the bowsprit end, and brought to the captain. The object of this was to assist in canting the ship the right way when she should come head to wind. It was an idea of our gray-headed commander, who, now that the first shock of the disaster had left his mind, was devoting all of its energies to the rescue of his unfortunate subordinates. Any seamen will recognise its adaptation to the end in view.

"Ready! Ready! Ease down the helm!"

Slowly the old frigate bore her weather bow against the rushing seas—slowly she righted towards an even keel—slowly she began to lose her headway.

"Cut away the drag! Stick out the hawser!" continued the first-lieutenant.

Everything was now shaking fore and aft. The ship "in the wind," and the tortured sails flapped and jerked and slapped about as only canvas can slap about when "in the wind," and that wind a gale.

"Take a small pull of the weather foretop sail brace. So! Belay that!"

The sails are now "a-back," their furious thrashing is over. Now and then as the ship gives an unusually heavy dip, their weather leeches shake, but that is all. Her headway too, is dead; she lies like a log upon the angry waters—upright; comparatively motionless.

"Heave around the capstan! Be alive! be alive! Think of what you're heaving for, boys."

It is all in vain. She has not yet come "head to sea." A towering pile, a moving mountain of green water strikes her on the bow, and twists her away several points. She groans in every timber, and trembles like a thing of life. The hawser parts like a length of twine, the sails again thrash the trembling mast. We have failed.

With heavy hearts we wore her around, and brought her, wet and dripping, with shattered bow, almost crippled, upon the other tack. I can no longer make out the figures through my glass. The boat herself looks like a shapeless log; we have lost nearly a mile, and the gale seems more dark and threatening after our failure.

I closed my glass, slung it over my shoulder, and descended gloomily to the deck. Our commander was steadying himself against the weather rigging as I passed him. His face was very pale, and his anxious eye shone with a sickly expression of bitter disappointment. As I passed, I heard him give an order that told me we were to give up the useless struggle—

"Shorten sail and "lie-to" when you get to leeward of them, Mr. ——."

He ordered calmly; but looked like a man who signs a death-warrant with painful reluctance. I felt a shiver pass through me as I caught a passing glimpse of his troubled brow.

* * * * * * * *

Time rolls on. Minute joins minute. Hope rests upon the edge of this fearful grave. Can *nothing* be done?

Two men are seen walking slowly aft from the weather gangway. They step like men whose minds have been drilled to some certain resolution, and whose nervous frames are braced to carry them through its execution. They come aft on the weather side of the quarter-deck. They stand before the commander, whose eyes are bent in thought. They bare their upright heads, and the iron-gray locks of the swarthy featured boatswain's-mate, and the raven curls of a well-known topman, float upon the eddying current of air that drifts between the half-sheltering bulwarks.

"And, if please you, sir, me and Jim Thomas will take the other cutter and pick up Mr. —— and our other shipmates, as is drifting about up there to windward."

So spoke Bradly, the boatswain's mate, and as he spoke the other one said "yes," and folded his arms over a brave but hopeless heart.

"Jim, sir," he continued, as the surprised officer made no answer, "Jim don't exactly see that we're going to do it. He don't know all that I does about wind and salt water yet, he ain't been long enough at it, sir. Howbeit, he's concluded to go along with me, and share alike. Two on us is enough, sir, we don't want no more."

"You're crazy, Bradly, or drunk; go about your business. I thought better of you."

"I ain't drunk, sir, though I mought well be crazy," continued the sad and pleading voice; and as it continued, its tones became strangely modulated by some deep and terrible emotion. "It was a black hour, sir, when I let him go off by himself—him as stood over me with his single cutlass, and put himself agin so many, for me as was crippled under his foot."

"Go forward, you're not well! Take him forward, Thomas."

The latter bent his head a trifle, and moved an inch nearer to his companion. They were two rare specimens of bone and muscle and determination, as they thus stood one by the other in their desperate companionship.

"I'm not drunk, captain; I'm only hopeful, sir. It seems to me that we can pick 'em up, if so, the Lord be willin'. Me and Jim only in that ere boat won't settle her much; she'll float like a feather, and we can keep her head to wind and sea until they drifts down upon us. I don't look to pullin' up to them agin this livin' gale."

A gleam of intelligent joy flashed across the features of our commander.

"You're right, Bradly!" he exclaimed. "I see what you're after. Mr. Williams," turning to the first lieutenant, "have everything taken out of the cutter; every thing except four oars. Make her as light as possible, and have the falls clear for lowering. Take the boat, Bradly."

Williams looked very much like a man might be supposed to look were the rising moon suddenly to present itself within a foot of his face, still he gave the order, and the deck was soon covered with the boat's sails, breakers, masts, spare oars, &c. The weight of three or four men at least was got rid of.

In the meantime, Bradly had sprung into the bow, Thomas into the stern, and rigged a mysterious purchase; then each drew out a sharp sheath knife, and grasped the gunwale of the boat with the unemployed hand.

"Now, sir; now, Mr. W——; lower away, sir!"

The falls started heavily at first, then faster. A heavy roll of the ship, a sudden splash, the quick stroke of two ready knives, and the boat is free. Two powerful and ape-like arms extend themselves over her bow, bear their strength against the ship's rising counter, and project the buoyant boat at least her length astern. She is *safe*; no danger of her stem being stove in. Five seconds more and she was head to sea, with an oar out on either side, and four strong and untiring arms urging her against the gale.

"An dry as a chip!" "Hasn't taken in a pint of water!" "He will save them," said a dozen voices, that sounded strangely in their cheerful tones.

We continued to look, and the frigate to drift, drift, drift. Many of us went aloft to keep them in sight. Now the boat seemed to be half way up to the sufferers, and yet she had not probably advanced a foot. It was we that were drifting away from her; the sufferers that were drifting towards her; she herself was "holding her own" by the superhuman and protracted exertion of four iron arms, whose nerves were braced by excitement and gratitude.

Hours rolled by, and the dark sky combined with approaching night to limit our circle of vision. Still we could see them, though now the two boats and fifteen human beings resolved themselves into a single black speck—still the speck *was there*. Suddenly it seems to expand with strange rapidity—we rub our eyes and look again; it has grown larger in that little time. Now we see the boat, and oars, and people. More than two oars and more than two people; she is nearing us with furious speed, thrown bodily forward on the breast of the driving seas, urged madly ahead by the increasing gale; all that they have to do with their oars and rudder is to *keep her before* that gale and sea, which drive her ahead.

Now we think we can count them. Two, four, six—closer yet. The western sun breaks through a mass of gilded clouds and shines upon their stormy path, as if to join us in the welcome—eight, ten, eleven—sixteen! *All* there! They have picked up all! even the man on the buoy!

Every thing like man-of-war etiquette is for the time being trampled under foot. Men crowd among and against the officers—shake hands—talk incoherently—some even cry. A wild scene of unhoped for joy.

Suddenly another cause for anxiety breaks upon us; some of them are evidently weak—worn out by the severe exertion of holding on to the drifting boat; how are we to get them on board in this seaway without danger of breaking their bones, possibly of losing them altogether?

"Throw over every rope's end to leeward, make bowlines in them first, and then take a turn around belaying pins. If the boat is smashed and sinks under them, they may get into those bowlines, or at least hold on to them."

Nearer they come; under our very stern; borne on the breaking crest of a threatening roller, they cross our wake with marvellous velocity, and round heavily to under our protecting quarter. She is no longer dry; the water washes up as high as her thwarts. In his anxiety to get off, Bradly had forgotten to take bailing buckets, and those of the first boat had been washed far, far away. She had saved her living cargo, brought them thus far, that was all. Glorious old boat.

Now they catch a line that leads well forward, cast away their oars, and grasp the friendly bowlines. One by one, two by two they clamber up the rolling side, or are hauled in safety to the longed for deck, until two only are left in the sinking boat.

"Quick! quick! never mind the boat, let her go to the d—l! Bradly! you scoundrel! get up this instant." It was the again excited voice of P——, who, still holding the tiller with one hand, and his bowline with the other, thus urged his lagging friend to care for his own life instead of endeavoring to save the boat. They were the two last—waiting to see the others in safety before caring for themselves.

As he spoke, a more than usually heavy sea brought the ship down upon the boat's entire gunwale, and washed her from under their feet; slowly she settled, surely the green wave swelled over her; Bradly and P—— clamber up the rolling side by their friendly lines, and the shattered boat, relieved of its weight, rises slowly to the boiling surface—a wreck.

"Hard up the helm! Shiver the after yards! Haul aboard the fore tack!"

Again we are scudding before the driving gale with the gloom of night closing around our stormy path, and the angry seas rising and surging, breaking, growling, and sinking under our flying stern.

SOMEWHAT OBFUSCATED.

BEWILDERED INDIVIDUAL.—Now what's the use o' foolin', old feller? Why don't you hold up your head and go on right?

HOW TO KEEP VEGETABLES.

Some twenty or thirty years ago, when but little that was favorable in the character of the inhabitants of the Pacific was known, and it was considered dangerous for whaling vessels to recruit at any of them except the uninhabited, very great pains were taken in provisioning and fitting out the vessels which sailed on those long and dangerous voyages. Now, however, that our missionaries have visited so many of these islands and labored among the people, recruiting stations have been formed, where these vessels may enter and obtain fresh provisions and vegetables without incurring danger thereby. The consequence is, that less pains are now taken to provide whale ships with vegetables, and the means formerly resorted to preserve them during the voyage are not now in use.

A veteran old whaling captain who sailed for many years out of New Bedford, mentioned to us the other day that in those old fogy times it was a common thing to preserve potatoes and onions on board of whaleships in a sound and healthful state for several years, and that, too, by a very simple process, as follows: The *try*-pots amidships were first thoroughly cleansed, and were half filled with fresh water, which was brought to a boil. The potatoes were then put into the pots and allowed to remain in the boiling water for about five minutes; they were then taken out and thoroughly dried on deck, which completed the process. The boiling destroys the germinating power, and the surface of the potato, to the depth of about an eighth part of an inch, becomes when dry a solid, hard paste, which is impervious to the air, and is a sure protection against decay.

To keep onions from decaying, the roots were scorched with a red hot iron, sufficient to destroy the germ without interfering with the leaves. Our informant assures us that he has eaten potatoes and onions preserved in this manner, three or four years after they had been thus prepared, and that they were in every respect as palatable and healthful as when fresh dug from the ground. It is probable that this simple process for the preservation of the potato might be as profitably employed on land now, as it was formerly at sea; especially as there is so much danger of its being affected with disease. We are not aware whether the coating of paste formed on the potato by boiling would be a sufficient preventive against frost; if it should prove efficacious in this respect, it would be of great benefit. Last winter, it was estimated that at least one-third of the entire crop of the country was destroyed from this cause alone; and if to this be added the quantity lost from the disease, there must at least have been upwards of one-half of the crop destroyed. Let some one make the experiment, and publish the result.

THE NECESSITY OF RECREATION.—Games, galeties, sports, spectacles, there will be, as long as men have limbs, or eyes, or ears. The development here is as natural as it is in the arts. You might as well talk of extirpating music and painting, as of driving the common amusements out of the world. Now, there are abuses of these things. What are we to say to the abuses? "Let them crush down and destroy the things themselves"—do we say? But they cannot. Then let them be cut off. There is really nothing else to be done. Elevate, refine, purify, the public amusements. Let religion recognise and restrain them. Let it not, as is too common, drive them to licence and extravagance; but let it throw around them its gentle and holy bonds, to make them pure, cheerful, healthful—helpful to the great ends of life. What a blessed thing for the world were it, if its amusements could thus be rescued, redeemed, and brought into the service of its virtue and piety!

INNOCENT POISONING BY ADULTERATION.—Dr. Normandy gives a case in which a gentleman was poisoned without any person being directly responsible for the act. The case was as follows:—A gentleman was taken and lenly ill after eating some double Gloucester cheese, and his medical attendant having with much perseverance determined to trace the poison to its source, did so with the following result. The cheese he found had been colored in the ordinary way with anotta; the anotta had been heightened in color with a little vermillion, which in small quantities is a comparatively harmless pigment; the vermillion had been, however, previously adulterated with red *lead*, and hence all this mischief. The adulterator had been adulterated; and each person in the series of successive falsifications worked independently of the other, and was not of course aware of the manner in which he was preparing poison for the public.—*Association Medical Journal.*

THE RUSSIAN ISCHVOSTCHIK OR CABMAN.

The Petersburg Ischvostchik wears a peculiar low-crowned hat, with a broad brim turned up liberally at the sides; whereas, the Moscow cabby more particularly, affects a Tom and Jerry hat, with a brim pared closely off, and encircled by a ribbon and three or four buckles—a hat that has some remote resemblance to the genuine Connaught bogtrotter's head covering. Du reste, both styles of hat are common, and indifferently worn by the moujiks all over Russia, only the low crowned hat being covered with a silk nap, and in some cases with beaver, is the more expensive, and is, therefore, in more general use in Petersburg the luxurious. Don't believe those, therefore, who endeavor to persuade you of the non-Russianism of St. Petersburg. There is a great deal of eau de Cologne consumed there; the commerce in white kid gloves is enormous; and there is a thriving trade in wax candles, pineapple ices, patent leather boots, Cliequot's champagne, crinoline petticoats, artificial flowers, and other adjuncts to civilization. Grisi and Labinche sing at the Grand Opera; Mademoiselle Cerito dances there; French is habitually spoken in society; and invitations to balls and dinners are sent to you on enamelled cards, and in pink billets smelling of musk and millefleurs; but your Distinguished Origin may come away from the Affghan Ambassador's ball, or the Grand Opera, or the Princess Liagonschkoi's tableaux vivans, your head full of Casta Diva, the Valse a Deux Temps, and the delightful forwardness of Russian civilization; and your Origin will hail an Ischvostchik to convey you to your domicile; and right before you, almost touching you, astride on the splashboard, will sit a genuine right down child of Holy Russia, who is (it is no use mincing the matter) an ignorant, beastly, drunken, idolatrous savage, who is able to drive a horse, and to rob, and no more. Woe to those who wear the white kid gloves, and serenely allow the savage to go on in his dirt, in his drunkenness, in his most pitiable joss worship (if is not religion) in his swinish ignorance, not only (it were vain to dwell upon that) of letters, but of things that the very dumb dogs and necessary cats in Christian households seem to know instinctively! Woe to the drinkers of champagne when the day shall come for these wretched creatures to grow raving mad instead of silllily maudlin on the vitriol brandy, whose monopoly brings in a yearly revenue of fifty millions of roubles (eight millions sterling to the paternal government, and when the patchouli stick shall avail no more as a panacea. I know nothing more striking in my Russian experience than the sudden plunge from a hothouse of refinement to a cold bath of sheer barbarism. It is as if you left a Presidential levee in the White House at Washington, and fell suddenly into an ambuscade of red Indians. Your civilization, your evening dress, your carefully selected stock of pure Parisian French, avail you nothing with the Ischvostchik. He speaks nothing but Russ; he cannot read; he has nothing, nothing in common with you—closely shaven (as regards the cheeks and chin) and swathed in the high sables of European etiquette, as you are—he in his flowing oriental caftan, and oriental beard, and more than oriental dirt.—*Household Words.*

ACIDS.

The sourness of the juice of a lemon and the acidity of vinegar are so well-known that the mere mention of them is sufficient to convey a knowledge of the chief qualities of sours or acids in their natural state. There are so many acid that two or three pages of an index to a chemical book are taken up in enumerating them. Every fruit contains an acid; nearly all the metals are capable of forming acids. When coal, wood, paper, rags, charcoal, brimstone, phosphorus, and many other substances are burned, acids are produced. A flint-stone is an acid. There is an acid in our window glass, and in many of the most costly precious stones. The air we breathe contains an acid. We create an acid in the lungs the act of breathing. By a very slight change sugar can be converted into oxalic acid, which a strong poison. Sugar, by another change, converted into vinegar. These two illustrations show that a sweet can be converted into a sour but when sour fruit becomes sweet it proves most to demonstration that a sour can become sweet acid. The most powerful acid is that derived from burning sulphur—it is called sulphuric acid, and is one of the most important articles manufacture. Its acidity is so great that a spoonful is sufficient to make a pailful of water quite sour. Nitric acid, obtained from nitre or saltpetre, is of the next importance in the arts; is so corrosive that it has long been distinguished by the name of *aqua fortis*, or "strong water" strong, sure enough, for a nodule of iron, lead or silver, dissolves in it like sugar placed in water. From the number of acids which we find in nature, and the tendency of many artificial substances to become sour, it is evident that acids and sours are essential to our life and well-being. Acids assume all forms and colors; some are liquids, some are gaseous, others solid. The acid of fruits, when separated from the grosser particles that accompany them, are very beautiful crystallizable substances. By the ingenuity of the chemist the sour of unripe apples, grapes, lemon rinds, lemons, &c., may be crystallized into beautiful snow-white bodies, which when touched by the tongue, at once [illegible] origin in their savor.

NOVEL MODE OF PERSECUTION.—Schinderhannes, the renowned robber of the Rhine once encountered, so the story goes, in a foraging expedition between Mayence and Frankfort, a caravan of a hundred and fifty Jews. It was a bitter January night; snow twelve inches deep on the ground, and Schinderhannes didn't like Jews. And so, in this manner, did he craftily entreat them. He did not slay them, nor skin them, nor extract their teeth, as did King John; but he compelled every man Moses of them to take off his boots or shoes. These he mixed pell-mell, into a leathern salad, or boot-heap and at day-break, but not before, he permitted the poor frost-bitten rogues to find their chaussures, if they could. Setting aside the superhuman difficulty of picking out one's own particular boots among the one-hundred foot covering the subtle Schinderhannes had reckoned, Flendish ingenuity, on the natural acquisitiveness of the Jewish race. Of course every Hebrew instinctively sought for the boots with the best soles and upper-leathers, and stoutly claimed them as his own; men who had never possessed anything better than a pair of squashy pumps down at heel, and bulging at the sides, vehemently declared themselves the rightful owners of brave jack-boots with triple rows of nailing; the real proprietors, showing themselves reluctant at this new application of the law of meum and tuum, the consequence was a frightful roar and contention:—such a fighting and scolding, such a shrieking and swearing in bad brew and worse German, such a rending of gabardines and tearing of beards, and clapping of hooked noses, had never been in Jewry, the days of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram.—*Household Words.*

MUSIC AT SHIRLEY CHASE.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

[The most valuable collections of "catches," rounds and canons, for three or four voices, were cautiously circulated during the Protectorate, and deep in the retirement of many such a house as Woodstock the prayers for the Restoration and the practice of "profane music," were kept up together.

The merry Monarch loved a tune, and small blame to him.—*Quarterly Review.*]

Cavalier music! Shirley Chase,
Hidden deep amid oak-trees royal,
In the noble house of knightly race
Old as the oak-trees—gabled and royal.
Snow has fallen on the White King's bier—
Cromwell holds it late and early,
But as yet his troopers come not here;
At home in his hall sits Sir Everard Shirley

Moonlight pours through the painted oriels,
Firelight flickers on pictured walls;
Full of solemn and sad memorials
Is the room where that mingled glimmer falls.
There is the banner of Arthur Shirley,
Who died for Charles on a misty wold:
There is his portrait—an infant curly—
Whose corse in an unknown grave lies cold.

Hot and sudden swooped Rupert's horse
Down on the villainous Roundhead church;
But they left young Arthur a mangled corse,
With the red mire clotting his chestnut curls:
Only son of an ancient race
As any that dwells in England's realm—
Ah, a shade lies deep on Sir Everard's face
When he thinks of his soldier's snow-plumed helm

Madrigal minute fills the room
With spring-like beauty and delicate grace:
Vanishes half their weary gloom
As Harry St. Cecil's manly bass
And Maud's soprano and Amy's in air,
Mingle like streams on a verdurous shore:
But memory sets them once at fault
As they think of the tenor that's heard no more

After, a rare old English glee,
Humorous, eloquent, daring, buoyant,
Rings through the chamber, strong and free,
And shakes the mullion'd panes dumboyant:
Merry music of olden time
Gaily defying the Cromwell-manacle,
Stoutly rebelling in hearty rhyme
Gainst cant and heresy puritanical.

Then Amy down to the organ sits,
And a pleasant prelude sounds anoneons
As over the keys her white hand flits,
And a Latin canon claims their chorus.
Not in the great cathedrals now
Does saintly song as of yore find place:
But it smooths awhile the furrowed brow
Of the sad old master of Shirley Chase.

* * * * * *

But the King shall have his own again—
Merry King Charles o'er the stormy water:
Then shall ye hear an easier strain,
A gayer music, Joy's own daughter.
Melody then shall dance right merrily—
Beauty undreamt-of, endless grace,
Shall sound through the air of England verily,
And flood the chambers of Shirley Chase.

THE RAT THEATRE IN PARIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

While the absolutist Governments of the Continent are drifting to their destruction, an ingenious Swede has managed to train a company of rats, who perform various plays, to the great amusement of the "discerning public," admitted at "two francs a head, children half-price," to his novel theatre.

The latter consists of a small enclosure, open in front, like an ordinary stage, but in proportion in keeping with those of the actors; its walls are adorned with red and yellow hangings, and a gaily-painted curtain rises and falls in the most orthodox style, at the proper places. The spectators are seated in tiers, opposite the stage; and the Lilliputian stature of the actors requiring close proximity on the part of their audience, only about thirty can witness the performance at a time.

It appears that the Swede has a double *corps* of his peculiar performers; each *corps* performing a piece, and one only. The one on the programme we hold in our hands, is entitled "The Modern Lothario, or the Perils of Love."

The footlights are blazing in all their glory, an orchestra, composed of one piano, one flute, and a fiddle, are doing their best, when the tall figure of the manager makes its appearance in front of the stage. "Ladies and gentlemen," he says with a bow, and then leaning gracefully on the stick he holds in his hand, "you are about to assist at a perfectly unique and unrivalled spectacle. The four-footed actors on whom I have, for many years, been operating, will now—as I am confident you will do me the honor to admit when you have seen their performances—arrived at a degree of histrionic perfection not always attained by their two-footed rivals. But I am trespassing on your patience, and will now, ladies and gentlemen, introduce to your enlightened appreciation, the novel troupe over which I have the honor to preside." (*Great applause.*)

As the manager concludes his speech, which he finishes off with a beautiful bow, he strikes three sharp blows on the floor with his stick; the curtain rises, and a fine whiskered rat, in an elegant *habille*, flowered dressing-gown, plaid trousers, shining slippers, and smoking-cap jauntily on one side of his head—evidently a dandy of the very first water—is seen sitting, on which are the elements of a delightful meal. To these he is doing ample justice, glancing in every direction, and eating with amazing celerity, as he dips his paw into the little dishes of preserves, bran, crumbs of biscuit and sugar, and so on. The table and the breakfast-service, we remark, are of painted tin; in fact, as the gay Lothario is also the chair on which the happy gourmandizer tries repeatedly but vainly (though without leaving off eating) to seat himself in human fashion. His efforts to accomplish this feat, which he evidently considers to be a very important part of his *role*, are very many. They almost distract his attention from the repast he is making; but all his exertions fail to keep him in the desired position, and he has to nothing more than slip up and down against the seat of the little tin chair, thus inflicting an amount of friction on a certain portion of his handsome person which one fears must eventually tell upon its beauty and glossiness, to say nothing of their effect on the dressing-gown.

While the gay Lothario is thus making the most of his time, two small doors, at the bottom of the stage, fly suddenly open, and two handsome rats, of the same cat-hating species, enter, erect upon their hind legs. They are as elegantly attired as the gentleman whom they come to fashionable rotundity of shirts, flounced dresses, gorgeous shawls, and bonnets laden with flowers and lace. One of them, nevertheless, has a broom in her hand; the other carries a brush and a duster. They advance timidly towards the interesting object of their fond but unsuspecting affections, who has ceased nibbling in evident uneasiness of mind, and is making a "squall." His sagacity is not disappointed. The ladies, advancing with open arms, to bestow on him a loving salute, suddenly become aware of each other's presence; and a sharp shriek from each is the signal of an encounter in which, after belaboring one another with the broom and the feather-brush, they soon discard these weapons as insufficient, and fly at each other's physiognomy with their claws. Bonnets, veils and bits of flounces strew the floor; the air resounds with their infuriated squeaks, and at last they both tumble upon the philosophic Lothario, who has quietly resumed his breakfast, but who now falls prostrate under the combined weight of the Duleineas, upsetting the table in his fall, and lying stunned and motionless among the remains of the repast.

At this painful result of their fury, the angry ladies ought evidently to forget their rage in grief for the prostrate Adonis, brought low through their violence; but instead of throwing themselves lovingly upon the fainting victim of their rage, truth compels me to state that the cheeseparings are too much for them, and that they throw themselves on the remains of the breakfast by which the prostrate Lothario is surrounded. The latter, hearing this sudden munching, comes all at once to his senses, and nibbles away with as much *gusto* as before. An angry blow of the manager's staff suffices, however, to recall the actors to their parts. Once more the gay Lothario falls insensible, and the two ladies, laying aside their jealousy at this afflicting spectacle, throw their arms about him, caress him tenderly, uttering plaintive squeaks, and fortunately succeed in restoring him to consciousness, when he turns from one to the other in great embarrassment, not knowing what to say to either.

At this critical moment, the little door at the bottom of the stage flies open again, and in marches a great, tall, fierce-looking rat, with terrible whiskers and a dare devil air, whose effect is enhanced by his bandit like costume, and the tremendous leaden sword that hangs at his side, looking, for all the world as though it had been detached from between the legs of a trooper in some Nuremberg toy. This formidable personage is the husband of one of the two ladies; he has sought her in vain in every other quarter, and has now tracked her to the lodgings of the recovered Lothario. But instead of testifying his joy at so happy a reunion, as a well-behaved husband should do, the ill-bred fellow flies into a passion, and not content with pummelling her in true conjugal style, he next rushes upon the Lothario, who, with the other lady, has just set to work again upon the cheese-parings.

A fresh tap from the manager's stick brings these two back to their duty; and a general row now ensues, the two gentlemen going it lustily between themselves, and the ladies doing a little on their own accounts. The Lothario, however, has the worst of it; and is killed by a thrust of the frightful leaden sword. The victor, alarmed at the extent of his victory, and having probably the fear of the police before his eyes, makes off with all speed through a side door.

The two ladies then attempt a dive at the crumbs, but this irregular proceeding being stopped by a rap of the staff, they both scuttle off through the doors aforesaid, and presently return with a coroner, who marches gravely up to the corpse, feels his pulse, shakes his head, and draws from his pocket a paper stating that the dead man is really and truly dead, and may be buried, which paper he delivers to the afflicted ladies. He is now about to withdraw, but the crumbs are too great a temptation, and he begins an exulting nibble, in which the ladies join. But at a sharp rap from the managerial staff, all these spring to their—hind-legs, and disappear.

The ladies soon reappear, pushing before them a coffin, placed on wheels for their especial convenience; and the defunct, wishing no doubt to spare them the labor of lifting him into it, gallantly jumps into the coffin of his own accord, and the ladies draw a pall snugly over their deceased favorite.

The little door now opens again, and in comes a procession of twelve other rats, attired as priests, in robe and surplice, carrying a crucifix and lighted tapers. They march slowly towards the bier, but are unfortunately too sensible to the charms of the cheese parings, on which they throw themselves eagerly, on all fours, dropping the tapers. Of course they are joined instanter by the two ladies. The dead man, too, hearing the clattering and pattering, and guessing what is going on, puts his sharp nozzle out from under the pall, and seeing the fun, springs out of the coffin and joins in the interlude. The delight and merriment of the audience at this comical *melee* know no bounds; they clap, and cheer, and call to the rats, encouraging them to make the best of the chance. But the manager is furious at seeing the most striking "situation" in the piece on the point of falling through, owing to the greediness of his troop (who certainly do seem to be remarkably hungry,) and he raps a series of such menacing blows on the floor that the actors scramble up on their hind legs, and resume their respective parts.

The defunct, who has stretched himself at full length on the floor, is lifted up with infinite labor by the ladies, who put him into the coffin, and cover him with the pall. The priests pick up their torches as well as themselves, take their places about the bier, and the melancholy *cortege* makes its way across the stage, and the curtain drops amidst the plaudits of the spectators.

The docility of these animals, and the zeal and precision with which, when not under the distracting influence of the cheese-parings, they go through with their performances, are really most marvellous; and one cannot help wondering, after witnessing this curious sight, if such results can be obtained with creatures so unpromising as these, what might not be accomplished by pains and ingenuity in educating other and more manageable tribes of the creation!

It would be impossible to describe the amazement and delight of the juvenile spectators of this novel exhibition. They have been laughing, clapping, and keeping up a running commentary of audible remark all through the piece; varied with shouts of sympathetic approbation whenever the hungry little actors made a dive after the overthrown provender upon the floor. One little curly-headed girl, touched by the appetite of the rats, has taken a biscuit from her pocket, and begs the manager to let her give it to the hungry little animals. But this donation he declines, informing her that the sparseness of the diet to which they are restricted, is the principal means which he employs in their training.

But the children are not the only part of the audience who have been amused and astonished at the performances of these unusual actors.

A group of old soldiers from the Invalides, old fellows lacking, some an arm, and others a leg, and with the red ribbon to keep company with honorable scars, have been laughing as heartily, and following the doings of the rats as delightedly, as the youngest of the children. Among these noble old *braves*, you see a venerable soldier with handsome, open, well-defined features, white hair, very thick, but cropped close behind as is the wont of the French soldiers, an ensign's epaulettes, the cross of the Legion of Honor, and an air of simplicity and bonhommie very pleasant to look upon. This fine old fellow was carried into the room by the only two of his comrades who possess a pair of arms apiece, with which to carry a comrade *minus* the appliances for walking.

Now who do you think this fine old "decorated" may be? I give you half-a-dozen guesses, and am sure you will not guess it after all.

That fine old ensign is no other than a courageous and patriotic woman, the Widow Brulon, who entered the army in her 21st year, and who, having served her country bravely during the wars of the Republic, was admitted to the Hotel des Invalides in consequence of a wound from a bomb, which fractured her leg, and rendered her unfit for active service.

Marie-Angelique-Joseph Duchemin, Widow Brulon, now in her 86th year, was born in Dinan, in 1772. She comes of a brave stock, her father having served in the army during 38 years without interruption, and two of her brothers having fallen on the field of battle. When scarcely more than a child, she married a young soldier in her father's regiment, the 42nd; and before she had reached her 21st year, her husband, to whom she was tenderly attached, was killed at Ajaccio, by the Corsicans, in an "insurrectionary" movement. So intense was her grief at this loss, that she seized her husband's gun, and solemnly vowed to make the "rebels" pay dearly for the misfortune they had brought upon her. She besought the commanding officer to allow her to enlist, and to give her the place left vacant by her husband's death. This request was regarded by all around her as the mere explosion of her sorrow and indignation, and was gently refused. But she persisted in her demand; until it was determined to seem to comply with her wish, though merely with a view to compelling her to avow her inability to fill the post she desired. Accordingly she was appointed to act as sentinel, on a high, isolated rocky peak, overhanging the sea; a post of great importance, but also of great danger, two sentinels having been killed there, one after the other, the day before during their respective watches. Both had fallen under the knife of the *sceidetta* (avengers) and no trace could be found of their assassin.

The young widow was thus appointed to an almost certain death; but she was allowed the option of declining this terrible trial, on condition of renouncing her efforts to enlist.

Undismayed by the danger, and shouldering her husband's musket, she made her way to the post of danger, and placed herself on the peak—a clearly-defined mark for the knife or shot of the hidden enemy. The waves beat furiously against her pedestal; the wind howled, shaking her in its capricious fury, as she stood through the slow passing of the two-hours' watch.

At the expiration of the first hour, a soldier was sent to relieve her; but she refused to quit her post before the expiration of her watch. Thus she remained, alone, beaten by the wind, and exposed to sudden death at any moment from unseen hands, through two mortal hours.

"It was the only time in my life that I felt afraid," she remarked to me, when recounting the events of her history.

No attack was made on the brave widow; but when her watch was over she had gained the respect and confidence of the entire regiment. No further effort was made to prevent her from enlisting; she was received into the regiment, whose uniform she adopted, and from that day she shared alike the labors, the dangers, and the glory of her companions in arms. She subsequently received full authorization to remain in the service, notwithstanding her sex. She was known by the name of Liberty, was soon made a Corporal, then Corporal-Commissary, and next Serjeant-Major. She was made Ensign in 1832, in acknowledgment of her great activity and usefulness in the interior management of the Hotel des Invalides, in which, for 30 years, she occupied with honor various subordinate posts.

She is the head of three generations of descendants. Her daughter, also a widow, and 60 years old, lives with her, and surrounds her with care and affection; her grandson has a small place in the provinces, and her great-grandson works at a trade in Paris.

Among the numerous documents, attesting her bravery and good conduct, which the widow holds among her most precious treasures, I copy the following, which relates to the defence of the Fort of Gesco, in which she took part.

"We, the undersigned, Corporal and soldiers of the detachment of the 42nd regiment, garrisoned at Calvi, certify and attest that, on the 5th Prairial, year II. (1794), the citizen Angelique Marie-Josepha Duchemin, Widow Brulon, Corporal-Commissary, acting as Serjeant, commanded our attack upon Fort Gesco; that she fought side by side with us, with the courage of a heroine; that the Corsican rebels, and the English, having tried to carry our position by storm, we were obliged to fight hand to hand, with steel; that she received a sabre-cut on the right arm, and a moment afterwards, a stiletto-wound in the left arm; that seeing us short of provisions, she set out, at midnight, and notwithstanding her wounds, for Calvi, half a league away, where, with the zeal and courage of a true republican, she roused sixty women, loaded them with provisions, and brought them to our camp, escorted by four men, which enabled us to withstand the enemy, and to keep the fort; and that, in short, we had every reason to be satisfied with the way in which she commanded our detachment." (Signatures.)

General Lacombe Saint-Michel, in a letter addressed to Marshal Serrurier, then Governor of the Invalides, pointed out the widow Brulon as "having rendered herself worthy, by qualities above her sex, to share in the rewards created for the brave." A testimony which, though not perhaps very flattering for her sex in general, is yet conclusive as regards the military merit of Ensign Brulon, of whom the Minister of War, Scherrer, attested also, that "she has always behaved with honor, bravery, and intelligence, and has been wounded in fighting for the glory of the arms of the Republic."

Notwithstanding her great age and her wounds, the old Ensign enjoys excellent health, with the exception of her lameness; and is as brisk, as alert, and as fully in possession of her mental faculties as a woman of thirty. She is, at all events, a brave and upright old soul; and forms one of the many examples of women who have abundantly proved that the softer sex is not necessarily deficient in the qualities usually attributed to the sterner half of creation.

But we are lingering too long in the wake of the retreating heroine, who has been assisted to a cab as she was brought in; and the tall Swede, with his tall stick, is impatiently awaiting our departure, which will be speedily followed by the introduction of a fresh audience as eager as we were, on our arrival half an hour ago, to witness the performances of the *Theatre aux Rats*, and who, no doubt, will go away as much amused by the novel spectacle as we have been.

THE RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN.

One of the most interesting efforts of engineering skill of the present day is the Railway Bridge over the Rhine, a little above the falls at Schaffhausen. When finished, it will form one of the four communications with Switzerland—viz.: Basel, Schaffhausen, Friederichshofen, and Lindau. The railways with which this bridge will form a communication are, the proposed line from Baden, and that from Winterthurm, in Switzerland. The latter, the result of much engineering skill, will be one of the most beautiful lines in existence. It starts from Winterthurm, skirting the rich vineyards of Veltheim and Wulfelheim, to the station at Hettlingen, thence to Adelfingen. At this point, where the greatest labor and expense will be required, the view from the plateau is magnificent, comprising within its horizon the valley of the Thur, the hills on the banks of the Rhine, the chain of the Bernese Alps, and the Schwartzwald, or Black Forest. The line will then follow the left bank of the Thur; it then crosses the river, where the engineer has encountered great difficulties. The rails are being laid down. Its course is then to Marthal, where another splendid view is obtained including the Mount Santai and the Jungfrau. From Marthal to Dachsen it is carried on embankments in several places along the left bank of the Rhine; it is carried over the deep valley of Anderbach by means of a high embankment and a bridge 220 feet long. A little farther on, the road is winding its way again along the steep banks of the Rhine, whose placid waters one would hardly imagine had just left the waterfall. Here the gradients increase and attain a great elevation, and the beautiful falls themselves come suddenly into view. At the little Castle of Laufen, the railway attains a still greater height, and a still better view of the falls is obtained, and the roar of the waters is distinctly heard. On emerging from a short tunnel, some distance further on, the train will cross over the rapid stream of the Rhine above the falls, by the new bridge now in course of construction. It was proposed at first to construct a suspension bridge 500 feet long over the river at this point, which was to be supported by two or three piers built on the stream. It was then thought advisable to build one capable of bearing the weight of heavy luggage-trains, and, in consequence of the solid foundation afforded by the rocky nature of the channel, it was determined to erect a bridge of stone, notwithstanding the difficulty attending the undertaking, owing to the large body of water, its force, especially on the left bank, and the irregularity of the channel. To effect this, the stream was diverted by means of a dam a thousand feet long into a canal or channel, and thus they were enabled to build the foundations in the bed of the river (which is eighteen feet deep at this spot), and render them as solid as it is possible to do by means of cement. During these operations, the rocks over which the waterfall rushes were left quite dry. The bridge itself is five hundred and eighty-six feet long and thirty-two feet above the bed of the river. Two massive abutments and eight piers support the bridge, and are built of the ragstone of Merishausen, and the arches of the limestone of Altdorf, the durability of which has been fully tested. The bridge itself, in point of architectural regularity, is not what might be desired, but the architect chose rather to sacrifice symmetry to strength, and selected the spot best suited for that purpose. The structure will be completed in 1857.

BEREAVEMENT.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Oh, ye who say, "We have a child in heaven!"
Who have felt that desolate isolation sharp
Defined in Death's own face; who have stood beside
The Silent River, and stretched out pleading hands
For some sweet Babe upon the other bank,
That went forth where no human hand might lead,
And left the shut house with so light, no sound,
No answer, when the mourners wail without!
What we have known, ye know, and only know.

* * * * * * *

The morning came, with glory-garlanded,
To deck heaven's azure tent with hangings brave;
Birds, brooks, and bees, were singing in the sun,
Earth's blithe heart breathing bloom into her face,
The flowers all crowding up like Memories
Of lovelier life in some forgotten world,
Or dreams of peace and beauty yet to come.
The soft south-breezes rocked the baby-buds
In fondling arms upon a balmy breast;
And all was gay as universal life
Swam down the stream that glads the City of God.
But we lay dark where Death had struck us down
With that stern blow which made us bleed within,
And bow while the Inevitable went by.

And there our Darling lay in coffined calm;
Dressed for the grave in raiment like the snow,
And o'er her flowed the white, eternal peace:
The breathing miracle into silence passed:
Never to stretch wee hands, with her dear smile
As soft as light-fall on unfolding flowers;
Never to wake us crying in the night:
Our little hindering thing forever gone,
In tearful quiet now we might toil on.
All dim the living lustres motion makes?
No life-dew in the sweet cups of her eyes!

VALUE OF SLEEP.—Dr. Alexander was often heard to say in substance as follows: "Clergymen, authors, teachers and other men of reflective habits, lose much health by losing sleep, and this because they carry their trains of thought to bed with them. In my earlier years I greatly injured myself by studying my sermons in bed. The best thing one can do, is to take care of the *last half hour before retiring*. Devotion being ended, something may be done to quiet the strings of the harp, which otherwise would go on to vibrate. Let me commend to you this maxim, which I somewhere learned from Dr. Watts, who says that in his boyhood he received it from the lips of Dr. John Owen, a very good pedigree for a maxim: *Break the chain of thoughts at bed time by something at once serious and agreeable.* By all means break the continuity, or sleep will be vexed, even if not driven away. If you wish to know my method, it is to turn over the pages of my English Bible, alighting on a passage here, a passage there, backward and forward without plan, and without allowing my mind to fasten on any, leaving any place the moment it ceases to interest me. Some tranquilizing word often becomes a Divine message of peace, 'He giveth his beloved sleep.'"

ENGLISH LOVE OF WEALTH.—There is no country in which so absolute an homage is paid to wealth. In America, there is a touch of shame when a man exhibits the evidences of large property, as if, after all, it needed apology. But the Englishman has pure pride in his wealth, and esteems it a final certificate. A coarse logic rules throughout all English souls; if you have merit, can you not show it by your good clothes, and coach, and horses? How can a man be a gentleman without a pipe of wine? Haydon says, "There is a fierce resolution to make every man live according to the means he possesses." There is a mixture of religion in it. They are under the Jewish law, and read with sonorous emphasis that their days shall be long in the land, they shall have sons and daughters, flocks and herds, wine and oil. In exact proportion is the reproach of poverty. They do not wish to be represented except by opulent men. An Englishman who has lost his fortune, is said to have died of a broken heart. The last term of insult is "a beggar." Nelson said, "The want of fortune is a crime which I can never get over." Sydney Smith said, "Poverty is infamous in England."—*Emerson.*

THE MANGO.—Mr. Elphinstone, the historian of India, calls the mango "the best of Indian fruits." The finest variety is that which has been originally brought from Mazagong, which enjoys an historical and poetical renown for its mangoes. The good mango is at once the richest and the most delicate of all fruits, and all other fruits are comparatively insipid beside its intensity of taste. There is something in it which is nothing less than voluptuous.—*Bruce's Scenes and Sights in the East.*

☞ Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, acknowledges a complimentary notice in an exchange in the following style: "We wish you were the son of the President of the United States, and we were your father."

DEATH OF QUEEN MARY: WIFE OF WILLIAM III.

At length the infection (the small-pox) spread to the palace, and reached the young and blooming Queen. She received the intimation of her danger, with true greatness of soul. She gave orders that every lady of her bedchamber, every maid of honor—nay, every menial servant who had not had the small-pox, should instantly leave Kensington House. She locked herself up during a short time in her closet, burned some papers, arranged others, and then calmly awaited her fate. During two or three days there were many alternations of hope and fear. The physicians contradicted each other and themselves in a way which sufficiently indicates the state of medical science in that age. The disease was measles; it was scarlet fever; it was spotted fever; it was erysipelas. At one moment some symptoms which in truth showed that the case was almost hopeless, were hailed as indications of returning health. At length all doubt was over, Radcliffe's opinions proved to be right. It was plain that the Queen was sinking under small-pox of the most malignant type.

All this time William remained night and day near her bedside. The little couch on which he slept when he was in camp, was spread for him in the antechamber, but he scarcely lay down on it. The sight of his misery, the Dutch envoy wrote, was enough to melt the hardest heart. Nothing seemed to be left of the man whose serene fortitude had been the wonder of old soldiers on the disastrous days of Landen, and of old sailors on that fearful night among the sheets of ice and banks of sand on the coast of Goree. The very domestics saw the tears running unchecked down that face, of which the stern composure had seldom been disturbed by any triumph or by any defeat. Several of the prelates were in attendance. The King drew Burnet aside, and gave way to an agony of grief. "There is no hope," he cried. "I was the happiest man on earth, and I am the most miserable. She had no fault, none; you know her well, but you could not know, nobody but myself could know, her goodness."

Tenison undertook to tell her that she was dying. He was afraid that such a communication, abruptly made, might agitate her violently, and began with much management. But she soon caught his meaning, and with that gentle womanly courage which so often puts our bravery to shame, submitted herself to the will of God. She called for a small cabinet in which her most important papers were locked up, gave orders that as soon as she was no more, it should be delivered to the King, and then dismissed worldly cares from her mind. She received the Eucharist, and repeated her part of the office with unimpaired memory and intelligence, though in a feeble voice. She observed that Tenison had been long standing at her bedside, and, with that sweet courtesy which was habitual to her, faltered out her commands that he would sit down, and repeated them till he obeyed.

After she had received the sacrament she sank rapidly, and uttered only a few broken words. Twice she tried to take a last farewell of him whom she had loved so truly and entirely, but she was unable to speak. He had a succession of fits so alarming that his Privy Councillors, who were assembled in a neighboring room, were apprehensive for his reason and his life. The Duke of Leeds, at the request of his colleagues, ventured to assume the friendly guardianship of which minds deranged by sorrow stand in need. A few minutes before the Queen expired, William was removed, almost insensible, from the sick room.—*Macaulay.*

A NOBLE WIFE.—The following touching, simple, sorrowful memorial of his wife, was written by one of the great statesmen of England—Sir James Mackintosh—in a private letter to a friend: "She was a woman," he writes, "who, by tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and, though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation, she propped my weak and irresolute nature, she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am—to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my character. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I seek relief, and I find it, in the consolatory opinion that a benevolent wisdom inflicts the chastisement, as well as bestows the enjoyment of human life; that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man; that a being capable of such proficiency in science and virtue, is not like the beasts that perish; that there is a dwelling place prepared for the spirits of the just; that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man.

THE MAGISTRATE AND THE MONKEY.—When the trade to the West Indies was first opened up, it is said that the magistrates of Aberdeen were tempted to try their fortune in what promised to be such a lucrative business, and sent a vessel out there on speculation. The many anxious gazers from the Castle Hill for the arrival of the "shippie," were at length rewarded, and when safely moored in the "harborie," the civic dignitaries paid it a visit. After having exhausted the occidental wonders which had been brought home, the Provost and Bailies retired to the cabin to partake of the skipper's good cheer. While thus engaged, a monkey, which was part of the importations, amused with the tie of the Provost's wig, honored it with an occasional pull, much to the good old man's annoyance. "Odd, laddie," he would say, aside, "ye'd better be quiet." "What's the matter with you, Provost?" said the captain, overhearing one of the chief magistrate's remonstrances. "It's that laddie o' yours," was the reply. "What laddie, Provost?" "That ane there, wi' the rough foul face, an' the hair e'en." "That's nae a laddie, Provost; it's a monkey." "Is'it, is't?" said the worthy dignitary; "fat better kent I? I thocht it was some o' your sugarmakers' sons come o'er to our University to get's education."—*The Book of Bon Accord, by William Cadenhead.*

A LIVING LETTER.—It is related by the celebrated historian Herodotus, that Histiæus, the Milesian, being detained a prisoner by Darius, and all correspondence interdicted, he shaved a man's head, wrote a despatch upon it, and kept the man out of sight till his hair was grown. The living letter was then sent, and the person to whom he was addressed, upon shaving the messenger's head, found the news there inscribed.

A MOIST CLIMATE.

John Phœnix, poet, philosopher, humorist, and a correspondent of the Knickerbocker Magazine, has been sojourning in Oregon, and thus gives utterance to his experiences in that climate, in a letter of an August date, from Portland, Oregon Territory:

"It gives me unfeigned pleasure to inform you that I am about to quit the gloomy and never-to-be-dried up sky of Oregon, and 'repair, without unnecessary delay,' to D———, on our borders. Yes, sir, I'm off; 'services' no longer required on these inclement shores—shores which, when you read of in Irving's 'Astoria,' you naturally wish to behold, and admire old Astor's pluck in making establishments thereon, and which, when you reach, you wish you hadn't, and admire still more old Astor's good sense in breaking his establishments up and quitting while there was yet time.

"Rain is an exceedingly pleasant and gratifying institution in its way, and in moderation. It causes the grass to grow, the blossoms to flourish, and is a positive necessity to the umbrella maker; but when you get to a country where it rains incessantly twenty-six hours a day for seventeen months in the year, you cannot resist having the conviction forced upon your mind that the thing is slightly overdone. That's the case in Oregon. It commenced raining pretty heavily on the third of last November and continued up to the fifteenth of May, when it set in for a long storm, which isn't fairly over yet. There's moisture for you! Congress has named the northern half of it, the new territory, *Washing-ton*, on account of its wetness, I suppose, as I can divine no other reason for giving that name to a country on Puget's Sound, Pacific shore.

"The consequences of this awful climate are just what might be supposed. The immense quantity of the protoxide squirted about here causes trees, buildings, streets, everything to present a diluted appearance. The women lose their color, the men their hair (washed off, sir,) and the animals, by constant exposure, acquire scales and fins like the natives of the great deep. In fact, all the inhabitants of this Territory have a generally scaly appearance and rejoice in a peculiar smell, a combination, I should say, of a fish-ball and a fresh mudsucker. The rains of Oregon beat everything in that line I ever beheld or conceived of. Those that fell on Noah's ark were not more heavy; those of Nero, Caligula, and *I. Neely Johnson* not more terrible, nor those of Lady Suffolk and Moscow longer or stronger, which is a slightly mixed metaphor of a very happy description. So, upon the whole, I m glad I'm off; yes, I am quite sure of it; and I long to *get to D———*, where the people enjoy *the light of the blessed sun*, and where I can enjoy it also, and dry my things, and read Irving's 'Astoria.'

"Howbeit there are many interesting and curious things in Oregon; many odd and entertaining people also therein; and I have seen much that was funny, and laughed thereat, and should have laughed louder and longer if my mouth had not filled with rain before I had half finished; and I might perhaps regret leaving a country in which I have had so much positive enjoyment were it not that I have chronicled all these amusing things and peculiarities, and shall be glad to get somewhere where I can have a dry laugh over them. Such a thing as 'dry humor' in Oregon is of course a physical impossibility."

COLD REGIONS EXTENDING.—It is well known as a matter of history, that when Greenland was discovered, it possessed a much warmer climate than it does at present. The ice packs have been extending south from the polar regions for some centuries, and the north-east coasts of our continent are much colder than they were three centuries ago. The cause of this is not well understood, the fact only is known. It is believed by some persons that there is a great eddy in some part of the polar ocean which sometimes changes its direction, and by drifting large icebergs from one place to another, changes the climate of those places whence they are drifted by the presence of such masses of ice diffusing their low temperatures to great distances. In the month of July last, the White Sea was blocked up with huge mountains of ice, and the commerce of Archangel stopped—something which never happened before. In the Faroe Islands, snow fell in the valleys in the middle of July, the like of which also never happened before. If this drift of ice continues regularly for a few seasons, the coasts of the White Sea will become as inhospitable as those of Greenland now are.—*Scientific American.*

A SACRIFICE FOR A PRINCIPLE.—The Journal de Frankfort relates the following story: "A few days since a foreigner presented himself at the office of a merchant at Hamburg, to receive cash for a bill of 2,000 double Louis, and got 40,000 francs too much. He did not perceive the mistake until he reached his hotel, when he returned to the office, and mentioned the fact.—The merchant looked at him, and then said, 'It is impossible.' The foreigner persisted, and said, 'Your cashier has certainly made a mistake.'—'That is not possible,' replied the merchant, in a decided tone. 'Take your money—no mistakes are ever made at my office.' The stranger then pocketed the money and left the place, when the merchant, turning to the book-keeper, told him to enter 10,000 francs to the account of profit and loss, adding that the cashier would never hear a word of reproach from him on the subject, but that he would not allow any one to imagine that a mistake could occur in his office."

TRADE IN BUGS.—An article in Hunt's Merchants' Magazine says bugs are an important article in the trade of Rio Janeiro. Their wings are made into artificial flowers, and some of the most brilliant varieties are worn as ornaments in ladies' hair. One man manages to earn his living by selling insects and other specimens to the strangers who visit port. He keeps twelve slaves constantly employed in finding the bugs, serpents and shells which are most in demand. The nearest approach to his business that we can remember, is that of the trade of the fire-flies in Havana; the insect being caught and carefully fed on the sugar-cane, is used as an ornament in ladies' dresses. Being twice the size of an American fire-fly, it is very brilliant at night. The Creoles catch them on the plantations, and sell them to the city belles; some of them carrying them in silver cages attached to their bracelets. They make fine display by lamp-light.

NEW INSTRUMENT FOR SURVEYING.—An ingeniously constructed instrument has just been invented, which will materially lessen the labor of land surveying. Its operation is based on the familiar trigonometrical principle that when the length of the base of a right-angled triangle is given, the adjacent angle formed by the hypothenuse serves to determine the length of the perpendicular. The instrument comprises two telescopes separated at specific distances on a table, one stationary relatively to the table, the other moveable on a pivot in a line which forms a right angle to the stationary one, so that it may be brought to bear upon the same point. Here then is the value of the apparatus—the moveable telescope has attached to it an index moving over a graduated scale of distances on the table, which upon being brought to the same point as the stationary glass, indicates on the scale the distance of the point.

CHINA.—The North China Herald, of August 16, thus sums up the present position in China: Three points appear to be established by a variety of concurrent testimony.

1. That over a region, equal in extent and population to some of the most powerful States of Europe, the people have discarded the Manchu costume, and reverted to that of the Ming dynasty.

2. In a portion, if not the whole, of that extensive territory, the people pay taxes for the support of the Nankin Government; and

3. That by the establishment of examinations, they have the privilege of competing for literary honors and civil office. Whence it is obvious that the revolutionists are, and have a right to be, regarded as a Government *de facto*.

KANSAS NEWS.—Our dates from Kansas are to the 10th inst. Hayes, the murderer of Buffone, was released by Judge Lecompte on the 8th inst., on his giving bail in the sum of $10,000. Sheriff Jones was his bondsman. Gov. Geary ordered his rearrest, but he had already escaped to Missouri. Gov. Geary has threatened to hold Marshal Donaldson responsible for the recapture of Hayes. Last Saturday twenty of the prisoners taken at Hickory Point were tried and found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to five years imprisonment at hard labor.

THE PRAIRIE FIRES.—The recent prairie fires in Minnesota have licked the country clean for hundreds of miles. The Chicago Times spoils a great deal of lofty composition, which has appeared in the popular magazines, by a truthful description of prairie fires, which will be fully borne out by the experience of all prairie travellers. The vast width of the conflagrations, reaching sometimes ten or even twenty miles in width, across the dry and level champaign—the huge volume of smoke sent up along the dazzling line—the low, long, whistling roar and crackling of the advancing blaze—the upward leap of the flames—the rush and apparent fury of its devastations—and the black, charred, desolate waste it leaves behind—all lend imposing traits to the spectacle of a prairie fire, and invest it with illusions of awe and terror of which a nearer approach entirely disabuses the spectator. We have crossed the terrible ring a hundred times on horseback and on foot, and we never saw any signs of personal danger, and animals show no signs of fear. The Times says:

"A great deal of fine writing has been wasted, innumerable and excellent adjectives have been misused in describing these prairie fires. Writers who happened to see them once in their lives, have told of them in terms the most extravagant, and lugged them into works of fiction to do wonders in the way of roasting herds of wild Indians, buffalo, horses, &c. One of the first books given to the child at school contains, even at the present day, an execrable wood cut, representing divers quadrupeds using their legs for their lives, to get away from the fire, which is furiously pursuing at their heels. It is unexplained, however, to the child, that every animal in a wild state will flee from the sight of flame; that it is an instinct of his nature, and not any knowledge he may have of danger, which makes him do so.

"The character of a prairie fire depends on the wind and the combustible nature of the grass.—If the latter be dry, it of course burns down very rapidly, and in a high wind the fires will move with great speed; but the flames never mount very high, and the space over which the flame exists, as it advances, is at most but two or three feet in width, as the flame burns down very rapidly as it moves on. A horse and rider might always be able to leap across with ease and safety. The most sanguine prairie fire we have ever seen, which was a full 'ten knot wind,' might have been crossed by a man on foot with small damage to his pantaloons and whiskers. Once over, he is entirely safe, a waste of only blackened ashes, without smoke or cinders, reaching to the very border of the blaze."

IMPORTED WINES.—Cette is a great manufacturing place, and what they manufacture there is neither cotton nor wool, perigord pies nor Rheims biscuits, but wine. "*Ici*," will a Cette industrial write with the greatest coolness over his door, "*Ici on fabrique des vins.*" All the wines in the world indeed are made in Cette. You have only to give an order for Johannisburg or tokay, sherry, port, madeira; nay, for all I know, for the falernian of the Romans or the nectar of the gods, and the Cette manufacturer will promptly supply you. They are great chemists, these gentlemen, and have brought the art of adulteration to perfection. But the great trade of the place consists not so much in the adulteration of wine as in the *concocting* of it. Cette is well situated for this manufacture.

The wines of Southern Spain are by coasters brought from Barcelona and Valencia. The inferior Bordeaux growths come pouring from Garonne by the canal du Midi; and the fiery Rhone wines are floated along the chain of etangs and canals from Beaucaire. With all these raw materials, and of course a chemical laboratory to boot, it would be hard if the clever folks of Cette could not turn out a very good imitation of any wine in demand. They will doctor you up Bordeaux with violet powders and rough cider, color it with cochineal, and out-swear creation that it is precious Chateau Margaux—vintage of '25. Champagne, of course, they make by hogsheads. Do you wish sweet wines from Italy and the Levant? The people will mingle old Rhone wines with boiled sweet wines from the neighborhood of Lunnel, and charge you any price per bottle. Port, sherry, and Madeira, of course, are fabricated in abundance with any sort of bad, cheap wine and brandy for a stock, and with concoctions in a druggist's shop for seasoning.

Cette, in fact, is the very capital and emporium *of the tricks and deceptions of the wine trade*, and it supplies almost all the Brazils and a great portion of the northern European nations with their after-dinner drinks. The old French West India colonies also patronise their ingenious countrymen of Cette; and Russian magnates drink chambertin and romance, made of low Rhone and low Burgundy brewages, flavored by the contents of the graduated phial.

A SECT OF WIFE BEATERS.—The English papers state that at Whitehall, there exists a sect of professing Christians who propagate the opinion that the practice of wife beating is in accordance with the Word of God. The Rev. George Bird, formerly rector of Cumberworth, near Huddersfield, has established himself there, and drawn together a congregation; to whom he preaches the doctrine that it is perfectly Scriptural for a man to beat his wife. James Scott a member of Mr. Bird's congregation, was summoned by his wife, for brutally beating her because she refused to attend the same place of worship that he did. When before the magistrates, Mrs. Scott said she had no wish her husband should be punished if he would promise not to use her badly again. When asked by the magistrates whether he would make the requisite promise, he refused, saying, "Am I to obey the laws of God or the laws of men?" As he would not give the promise, the magistrates committed him to prison for a month, with hard labor. The Rev. George Bird has since delivered a course of lectures on the subject of Scott's conviction. He contends that it is a man's duty to rule his own household, and that if his wife refuse to obey his orders, he is justified, according to the law of God, in beating her in order to enforce obedience.

ELECTRICITY FROM CHARCOAL.—Some chemists think that the heat generated by combustion is owing to the union of the two electricities. Following out this train of investigation, the able and acute experimentalist, Faraday, has demonstrated that the electricity evolved during the combustion of a few grains of charcoal or of an ordinary candle would, if it could be arranged in a continuous circuit, exceed the effect of the most powerful batteries. The solution of this problem would place in our hands tremendous forces for the production of mechanical effect and motive power; also, the discovery of any substance capable of forming the negative element in a circle of which carbon proved the positive, would give us a cheap method of forming the various carburetted hydrogens used for illumination.

TALL PISTOL SHOOTING.—Colonel Hay, of the British army, recently tried his hand with the Volcanic Repeating Pistol, a Yankee invention. The pistol used on the occasion was an eight-inch barrel, which discharges the balls in rapid succession. The Colonel fired the arm twenty-seven times, making a number of shots which would do credit to a rifleman. He first fired at an eight-inch diameter target, at one hundred yards, putting nine balls inside the ring. He then moved back to a distance of two hundred yards, and fired nine balls more, hitting the target seven times. He then moved back one hundred yards further, a distance of three hundred yards from the mark, and placed five of the nine balls inside the ring, and hitting the "bull's eye" twice. The man who beats that may brag.

MODERN DISCOVERIES CONFIRMING SCRIPTURE.—At a recent meeting held in London for the purpose of establishing a museum for the illustration of the Holy Scriptures, Sir Henry Rawlinson, distinguished for his researches at Nineveh, said that he had been enabled to trace Oriental records by means of the monumental inscriptions now in the British Museum, from the time of Abraham's departure from Ur of the Chaldees, down to that of Alexander the Great, a period of two thousand years; and that whenever the course of the history came in contact with that of the Jewish people, there was an absolute coincidence between these records and the details of Scripture—the same names, the same succession of kings, the same acts.

THANKSGIVING day was duly observed in this State, New Jersey, New York and Maryland, business being suspended, and religious services in the churches largely attended.

THE MARRIAGE OF SENATOR DOUGLAS.—Washington, Nov. 20.—Our Thanksgiving day was signalized at 2 o'clock, by the marriage of Senator Douglas, of Illinois, to Miss Ada Cutts, of Washington, after which the married couple took the cars for their future residence in Chicago.

The bride was accompanied to the altar by several bridesmaids; but the Senator, being a widower, went alone. Only a few of his personal friends, including Gen. Shields and Senator Slidell were present. The marriage ceremony was performed by Father Byrne, of the Roman Catholic Church, in the religion of which the bride was educated, at Georgetown Nunnery. Senator Douglas, himself, is not known to have any decided leaning towards any religious faith, though some of his friends draw a favorable inference from his recent land donation to a Baptist College in Chicago.

In the matter of age and personal beauty there is a wide difference between the bridegroom and the bride. Miss Cutts is tall, elegantly formed, with a sweet, oval face, large brown eyes, and small Grecian forehead, around which are entwined the heavy braids of her glossy and abundant chestnut hair. On her clear, peachy complexion there is a perpetual war of the roses—the red and the white—each failing to maintain a sole supremacy. Altogether her *tout ensemble*, as the flunkeys say, fully vindicates the good taste of the "Little Giant."

Miss Cutts may be 22 years of age. Her father, James Madison Cutts, an officer in one of the departments at Washington, is a nephew of Mrs. President Washington.

As for Mr. Douglas, everybody ought to be familiar with his antecedents and appearance. In point of years, he has decidedly the advantage of his bride, being about twice as old. In person he is short and stocky.

Mr. Douglas is said to be worth at least one hundred thousand dollars, the result of fortunate speculation in Chicago lots, aside from the property, mostly in Louisiana plantations, left for his two little boys by his first wife.—*New York Post.*

A MAN MEETING HIS OWN FUNERAL.—A singular incident occurred in New York last week. A man, killed by a railroad accident at Tarrytown, was reported to be Patrick Burke, of New York, and his wife at once proceeded to the spot. On arriving there she saw the body, and having her mind made up for the worst, without noticing deceased's face, concluded that he was her husband, and forthwith made arrangements for the funeral. The supposed Patrick was brought to the city in a neat mahogany coffin, the expenses and luxury of an old-fashioned wake was incurred, five carriages were hired, and as the funeral was about to cross over the Williamsburg ferry on Thanksgiving Day, the real genuine Patrick Burke met his bereaved friends and in full health—as Mrs. Burke, on her testimony, expressed it, to their utter "dismay." The mourners now began to think they had been badly hoaxed, unceremoniously hurried the bogus Patrick to the Bellevue Hospital dead-house, while the genuine Burke rode home in a carriage by his wife.

THE NORTH PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—The case of Mr. A. F. Hoppel, conductor on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, charged with manslaughter, has resulted in his acquittal.

OVER.—The contest now, twixt "*Tuck*" and others
Rages over—each one smothers
His emotion; and ejaculates the notion;
"That over it is strange, amidst the fuss,
; Which certainly amazes us,)
To feel that Stokes still retains,
Amidst the world, so rich a name!
Go ask the "Federalist" or "Tory,"
"What Tailor has the highest story?"
The answer is, we trust correct,
"Granville Stokes, first in his sphere!"
And why is this? Why, all protest
His clothing is the very best!
See for yourselves—and with surprise,
You scarcely will believe your eyes;
It suits—his cut—his fit—his make,
Precludes will at all turns take;
Whilst sterling goodness—lengthen'd wear,
Proclaim that standard Clothes are there—
H. T. No. 209 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

A REMARKABLE CURE OF INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.
Greenville, Green Co., Tenn.
July 6th, 1856.

Dr. D. Jayne.

Dear Sir:

I hope you will not take it amiss to receive a letter from a friend at a distance, informing you of the effect of one of your Family Medicines—the Alterative. In November last, one of my sons was taken with a violent pain in his hip, and we thought he would not live. His family physician was called in, and pronounced his ailing inflammatory Rheumatism. The doctor attended him for the space of five or six weeks, he still got weaker every day. Finally we could not be moved in his bed, but I heard that his mother was blessed over one of your almanacs, and found a case of one Patterson, whose disease was the same as my son's. She did not advise him what to do, but got one of his brothers to read the case to him, and if he was willing to quit the doctor and try the Alterative, to write to you for advice. He gave his consent, and we bought six bottles of it. Ascon as he began taking it the pain got more easy. I think it was eight or ten bottles he made use of, and then mended on. He is now going about and working, but still is slightly lame. I believe if he had continued with the doctor, and not taken your Alterative, he would have been in his grave at this time, but with the blessing of God, and the help of your medicine, our son is now in the land of the living.

No more at present, I remain your friend and well wisher until death.

PETER HARMON, Sr.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the United States. nov28-4t

A STRANGE RUMOR IN ENGLAND.—By the arrival of the City of Washington, we learn of a startling rumor in England. The London papers hint that Mr. Dallas has been recalled, and they infer this from the fact that certain formidable looking packages were received by him from the United States. We can dispel all these surmises by simply saying that the immense crowds that have recently poured in and out from the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 607 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

A UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLE OF NATURE.—When we are sick we should remember that nature has provided us with a drain, thirty-six feet long, into which all the impurities of the system can be thrown, and so expelled from the body. By BRANDRETH'S PILLS you can put your pains and ails into this cutlet, and a few hours can do more in curing you than by any other method in months. Over two millions of the people of the United States have used the Brandreth Pills, and have often been cured by them when every other medicine has failed.

Sold Wholesale and Retail, at the Principal Office, 48 CANAL St., Brandreth Building, New York, by T. DYOTT & SONS, 532 North SECOND St., Philadelphia, and by all respectable medicine dealers generally.

☞ For further particulars, see "DYOTT'S ORACLE OF HEALTH." nov15-2t

NEW YORK MARKET.

ASHES—The market is unsettled for Pots; sales of 25 bbls at $7.37½@. Pearls quiet at $best.

FLOUR—Trade is dull. The inquiry for Western Canal Flour is fair, but the market is quite irregular. Common brands were said lower early in the day, but closed firm. The medium brands were buoyant, and held higher at the close, with a fair shipping and local inquiry. The sales are 9800 bbls at $6.15@6.35 for common to good State, $6.35@6.75 for extra State, $6.30@6.60 for superfine Indiana and Iowa, $6.90@7.10 for common to fair extra Ohio, $7.10@7.50 for fancy do, and $7.40@8.50 for extra Genesee, and $6.65@9 for St Louis brands.

Canada Flour is steady but quiet; small sales at $6.95@6.70 for superfine, and $6.75@6.75 for extra brands. Southern Flour is less active, but prices are without important change; sales of 1000 bbls at $7.87½ for mixed to good brands Baltimore, &c, $7.90@8 for fancy and extra brands Georgetown, Alexandria and Petersburg. Rye Flour is firm and in good demand at $5.25@5. Corn Meal is heavy; sales of 150 bbls Jersey at $5.20 delivered. Buckwheat Flour is firm at $2.25@2.50 ₩ 100 lb.

GRAIN—The upward tendency in our Wheat market continues, and with a great shipping and fair milling demand prices have improved 1@2c per bush. The sales are 2700 bush white Southern at $1.55@1.57½; 6000 bush prime red Indiana at $1.57, 28,000 bush white Canadian at $1.61@1.70, the outside price for the both in regards freight 16c; 15,000 bush Chicago Spring at $1.50@1.56, and 16,700 bush Club Milwaukie at $1.46@1.48. Rye is better and in fair demand for export. Sales of 12,000 bush at 85c. Barley is quiet at $1.20@1.30. Corn is 1c per bush higher, but very quiet at 79@80 for Southern and 81@83 for Western. Corn is better but not active, the inquiry is mainly for the East and home trade. Sales of 14,000 bush at 73 for Western mixed, 73@75 for Southern white, and 74@75 for do yellow.

HIDES—The market continues to rule very firm, but there has been little done. The receipts are light and readily taken previously on their arrival. The only sales we hear of are 100 city slaughtered at 10@10c middle, and 200 Southern at 9½, cash. The stock is 17,000, including 900 green salted Buenos Ayres, 600 Montevideo, 400 Rio Grande; 300 do Kips; 2000 California; 300 West Indies, and 900 Southern.

LEATHER—The sales of the week foot up large—of Hemlock they exceeded the receipts 30@40 sides. Oak has also been active, and full prices have been realized for all descriptions; sales of 1400 Buenos, light and middle, at 24@25c, and Angostura, light and middle, at 26@27c; 1000 Slaughter, 24@26c; 1000 Hemlock, 21@22c; 1000 Oak, 24@25c.

COFFEE—The market for Rio is rather heavy, with a very limited sale business doing. Sales of 50 bags Rio at 10½, and 100 do Trinco Laguayra at 9c. The stock of Rio is 50,000 bags.

SUGARS—Our market may be termed flat, all classes of buyers showing a reluctance to entering the market at present. The sales are 300 hhds and 1000 boxes Cuba Muscovado at 6@6½. Sales of 75 hhds Cuba Muscovado at 8½@9.

MOLASSES—Is extremely quiet; the want of a duty act mostly restricts business materially. Sales of 80 hhds Cuba Muscovado at 31c.

HOPS—The market is quiet, receipts large; holders ask for most grades. Sales of 60 bales at 11@, as to quality.

WHISKEY—The market is dull, and with the decline in flour, the demand for this article is sensibly on the decrease. Sales of 200 bbls at 30½@31c for Ohio and Prime.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market closes firmer, with a good local inquiry for Mess. Prime is nominal. New is in limited demand, and prices are nominal. Prime Mess is scarce and in demand. The sales are 600 bbls at $17.81@17.87½ for Mess, and $17@17.12½ for Prime. Beef is quiet but steady. The inquiry is mainly for repacked Mess, and for new repacked Chicago; sales of 300 bbls at $9.75@10 for country Mess, part in pickle, and $10@10.25 for repacked do. Prime is nominally unchanged. Cut Meats are in good demand, and prices are firmer; sales of 200 pkgs at 6½@7c for extra do—Prime Mess is quiet at $13@13. Beef Hams are scarce at $18@19. Lard is dull and heavy; sales of 200 bbls at 10½@10¾c, and 100 kegs at 12@12½c. Butter is in fair request, and is firm at 16@20c for Ohio, and 24@27c for State. Cheese is in good request at 9@10c. Eggs are in demand at 24@25c a dozen.

OILS—English Linseed continues quiet, but prices are maintained. The cash sales generally have during the past three months been of the nature of bringing sales forward from the contract of December month, with the leading principal consumption on the autumn of the season, has resulted unfavorably to our market. Most bakers, however, are very firm, and prefer storing, rather than make any further investment. We quote the range from 105@c for Oil of the year. American is regular, with only a moderate business doing at the decline. Sales of 400 gallons at 120c, usual 4 months. Crude Whale oil is dull, and prices are nominal. Of refined Whale, we note sales of 400 bbls winter bleached on private terms. In Crude and Manufactured Sperm, nothing further has transpired, the former especially is heavy, and prices favor the buyer. Lard Oil is steady at 98@99c for new, as to quality—the latter rule only for prime western winter. Refined is heavy at 110@c cash and four mos. Carpenter & Schermerhorn's circular says:

Nov. 21.—There has a declining tendency and prices are entirely nominal. Sales of 200 bbls Southern at 87@87½c. Wheat advancing; two loads sold 1.61@1.62c; Corn steady; 2,500 bushels sold; Pork buoyant, and 1000 bbls sold; Lard very dull at 11½; Whiskey firm.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
November 24, 1856

The annual Thanksgiving Festival has interfered with the business operations of the past week, and the Produce markets generally have been dull and unsettled. Breadstuffs have ruled dull under the news from abroad, and the purchases of Flour, Wheat and Corn favor the buyer. Cotton is unsettled; buyers come forward slowly, and take hold only in a small way; holders, however, at the close, if anything, are firmer in their demands. The Coal trade is more active, but without any change in quotations, since the arrangement of the difficulty between the Railroad Company and the shippers. Iron is unchanged. The market for Groceries has been pretty much at a stand, without any material variation to note. Provisions remain very inactive, and barrelled Pork is lower. Hides and Leather continue scarce and high. Naval Stores, with the exception of Spirits of Turpentine, which is better, are quiet. Oils—Not much doing. Seeds are steady, with more doing in Clover-seed, which is wanted at full prices. Salt is arriving very freely, and is dull. In Wool, the Sessions of holders checks sales, which have been limited. Whiskey is moving off slowly, at about previous quotations.

Trade with the Dry Goods Jobbing and Commission Houses is generally quiet, and the transactions are confined to the immediate wants of the local buyers, and placing of some few country orders; but as this is known as the dull season, no one exhibits the least anxiety at such a result. The Fall trade has been much better and more lucrative than expected, and stocks, as a general thing, are quite small, which, together with the high rate of raw materials give confidence to the factors for the maintenance of good prices on the opening of the Spring Trade. Cotton Goods of most descriptions are in light stock, and prices are well supported.

Breadstuffs—The market generally has been dull under the advices from abroad, and prices somewhat favor the buyer. To-day a fair export inquiry for Flour has come holders, in order to meet the views of buyers, have submitted to a slight decline on last week's rates; sales reaching some 9,000 bbls, to late at $6.62½@6.75 for mixed and straight brands; $6.87½ for better brands, and $7 for extra, including several lots of the latter on terms not public; and about 1500 bbls extra family also at a private bargain, the market closing quiet at the following quotations: Superfine Flour is ranged at from $6.62½ to 7 for common to choice retailing brands; $7@7.25 for extra, and $7.37½@7.62½ ₩ bbl for extra family and fancy lots, as to brand, with a moderate business only. Rye Flour continues scarce, and 200 bbls have been taken at $4.25@4.50 ₩ bbl, which is a further advance. Corn Meal remains quiet, and only about 1000 bbls Penn. Meal have been sold at $4@4.25. The receipts of Flour for the week are 15,163 bbls Flour, 484 half bbls do, 74 bbls Rye Flour, and 1470 bbls Corn Meal.

Wheat—There has been a fair enquiry for prime wheat is scarce, while other kinds have been neglected, and only about 4,000 bus have been taken for shipment, and milling at 160@165c, for fair to choice reds, principally at 160@165c, and 165@170c for white, as to quality. The demand is principally confined to the local trade, and the receipts have been light, mainly by the Railroad. The receipts for the week are 5,000 bus, and 2,000 bus were sold at

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
is obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER
OTHER, No. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
NHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
TON BOULEVART, Mobile, Ala.
MORGAN, New Orleans, La.,
RY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
AN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
F. PEASE & Co. 39 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati.
NGGOLD, Louisville, Ky.
FORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
EMON, Richmond, Virginia.
UNTER, No. 29 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Persons
employment may find that which is both profitable and
ant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181
lam Street, New York. nov29-tf

REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA.—The Oxygenated Bit-
have been tested by scientific men, and proved to com-
the most valuable tonic properties. Being free from alco-
no reaction is suffered by the most delicate constitutions.

OOT GALLERY.—Sun lit Crayons, a new wonder, supe-
to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and
nut, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a re-
sponsible name.

t Camp, Ill., on the 13th instant, by the Rev. Mr. North, Mr.
ROY B. WADLEIGH, formerly of New Hampshire, but now
Rochester, Minnesota Ter. to Miss MARY C. POLLOCK,
ghter of Wm. Pollock, of the place first named.
the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Captain JAMES
NAKETT, to Miss JANE PLEASE, all of Philadelphia.
the 16th inst., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. JOHN BUR-
N, to Miss MARY JANE SIBE, both of this city.
the 6th instant, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. WILLIAM
TEVENS, to Miss CATHARINE ANN ROSELL, both of this
the 16th instant, by the same, Mr. ISAAC R. FISH, to Miss
NAH STETZER, both of Gloucester county, N. J.
t Wilmington, Del., on Tuesday, Nov. 18th, by Friends'
remony, in the presence of the Mayor and others, JOSEPH
MATHER, of Philadelphia, to FANNIE E. daughter of Dr.
. Andrews, of the former place.
On the 18th instant, by the Rev. A. Christman,
ORGE J. PEASE, to SARAH J. HIGBY, both of this city.
On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Samuel Bowman, D. D.,
LLIAM P. HUNTON, to SUSAN M. daughter of Emanuel C.
ist, Esq. both of Lancaster, Pa.
On the 13th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr.
HN F. DITTMAN, to Miss MARIE M. A. BAUER, both of
ladelphia.
On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr.
LIAM W. PRICE, to Miss MARY E. daughter of Mr. James
ry, both of this city.
On the 20th of July last, by the Rev. John C. Clay, Mr.
JAMIAH FIELDS, to KATE, daughter of John F. Heath, both
this city.
On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Lewis Pawsley, Mr. JOSEPH
PAWSLEY, to Miss SARAH A. RUPLER, daughter of Thos.
ple, Esq. both of Lower Merion, Montgomery county.
On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Mc-
throe Wood, of Clackwoodtown, N. J. to Miss HANNAH
STAFFORD, daughter of Richard Stafford, Esq. of Glou-
ter, N. J.
On the 13th instant, by the Rev. James H. Cuthbert,
LLIAM H. BIRD, to HANNAH P. daughter of Wm. Hesser,
of this city.
On the 13th instant, by the Rev. C. F. Turner, Mr.
RT C. KITCHEN, to Miss ELLEN QUEEN, both of Phila-
phia.
On the 13th instant, by the Rev. George A. Desbrow, Mr.
MES KEARNEY, to Miss MATILDA MCCULLOUGH, both of
city.
On the 11th instant, by the Rev. N. M. Jones, Mr. ALEX-
DER MCCURDY, of Burlington, to MATILDA P. daughter of S.
oates, of Radnor, Del. county.
On the 16th of Sept. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. ROBERT
ANNAHAN, to Miss HANNAH LAUGHLIN, both of this city.
On the 20th of Oct., by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr.
ERT H. HUNTER, to Miss CLARA WEYANT, both of Phi-
phia.
On the 12th instant, at Camden, N. J. by the Rev. J. J.
RT, Mr. DAVID DARR, of Cumberland county, N. J. to Miss
CE MARIA, of Camden.
On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Lewis Cheeseman, Mr.
LES G. ANDERSON, Jr. to Miss MARTHA ELLIOTT, both
this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a
sponsible name.

the 21st day of May, 1856, DAVID HAILEY, of Hunterdon
nty, N. J. aged 73 years and 10 months.
On the 16th of August, 1856, MILA KEYSER, daughter of
and Abby Keyser, of Hunterdon county, N. J. aged 2
and 3 months.
On the 13th instant, MARTHA WASHINGTON, infant daugh-
of Chas. H. and Mary E. Justis.
On the 16th instant, MARY A. SCHUMAKER, aged 2 years and
months.
On the 12th instant, MARY ANNA, wife of Edward A. Adams,
On the 10th instant, THOMAS BARTHOLOMEW, aged 67.
On the 18th instant, ROSE GARTON, daughter of Joseph and
Judith, aged 3 years.
On the 16th instant, EDWARD W. BUDDLE, son of Jacob H.
and Sarah Biddle, aged 3 years and 3 months.
On the 17th instant, SARAH, widow of the late David Comp-
ton, in her 76th year.
On the 20th instant, LEWIS CLEMENTS, son of John A. L.
and Louisa Merrell, aged 4 years and 3 months.
On the 18th instant, REBECCA, wife of Robert Hart, aged
years.
On the 17th instant, MARY ANN, daughter of John and Mar-
Callan, aged 6 years.
On the 18th instant, HERBERT TROUBEC, aged 48 years.
On the 18th instant, SAMUEL GAMBLE, aged 30 years.
On the 16th instant, WILLIAM KERR, aged 34 years.
On the 12th instant, MARY A. wife of Daniel M. Parsons,
4 years and 5 months.
On the 18th instant, ISABELLA, daughter of Thos. and Is-
White, aged 11 years and 8 months.
On the 16th instant, BRIDGET, daughter of Daniel and Susan
, aged 17 years.
On the 20th instant, Mrs. MARY HART, aged 38 years.
On the 19th instant, ELLEN R. daughter of John and Eliza
Mullin, aged 20 years.
On the 17th instant, CATHARINE ELIZABETH, wife of Geo.
, aged 26 years.
On the 19th instant, MICHAEL MURRAY, aged 44 years.
On the 19th instant, ANN ELIZABETH, infant daughter of Thomas
Elizabeth Gillespie, aged 2 years and 8 months.
On the 19th instant, CHARLES, son of Charles and Sarah
, aged 6 years.
On the 20th instant, KATE BELL, daughter of P. B. and E.
ter, aged 3 years and 5 months.
On the 18th instant, KATE F. GARDNER, daughter of Wm.
and Minnie Gardner, aged 5 years.
On the 19th instant, JOSEPH LONG, aged 64 years.
On the 19th instant, MARTHA HAWKINS, daughter of Jack-
and the late Margaret H. Watt, aged 2 years and 2 months.
On the 18th instant, ELIZABETH, daughter of Wm. and Mary
Wise, aged 3 years and 10 months.
On the 18th instant, WILLIAM WILEY, aged 21 years.
On the 18th instant, JOSEPH MYERS, son of Stephen and Ema-
Myers, aged 19 years.
On the 18th instant, Miss MARGARET MCWILLIAM, aged 19

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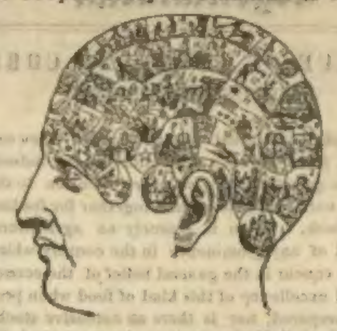

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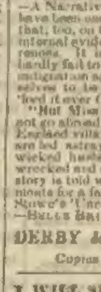

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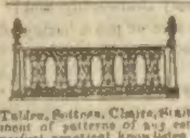

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BAD CONDUCT IN CHURCH.—It would appear from the newspapers that the deportment of the dogs in Massachusetts in the olden time, during the stated periods of divine worship, was often highly improper. Speaking of the temple where his father's worshipped, and of various topics connected therewith, a colemporary thus discourses:

On one particular occasion the sanctity of the place and the gravity of the gravest of all assemblies was very much shocked. The reverend leader of the exercises, opened his old-fashioned hymn-book at

Glad-ly within thy courts, we come;
To bow, unto the Lord.

He gave the pitch, and the first line was sung by the scattered vocalists without any let or hindrance. There were no musical reefs or quicksands, fugues or repeats in it. On the next line came the science of the tune. The treble opened shrill, the tenor followed, and the bass, and full choir came in strong at the end in manner and form thus:

Treble. To bow-ow-ow-ow-ow—
Tenor. To bow-ow-ow-ow-ow—
Bass. To bow-ow-ow-ow-ow—
Full Chorus. To bow-ow, unto-oh, the Lord.

As the last words died away, each singer looked up to see who could be keeping up the fugueing. Each knew he had finished all the bow-ows set down for him, and yet, as the choristers ceased, the bow-ow-ow-ow-ow, continued. Echo it could not be, and the mystery was not unravelled, until a dog in the broad aisle, who had kept in time while the rest were singing, struck into a ki-hi-i ad libitum, a moment after the choir ceased; like an opera singer, for whom the music stops, to let her introduce such wails as she chooses.

AN INDIAN STORY.—Speaking of Indians, we have an old chap here who has lived a number of years on the frontier, and whom we shall call Capt. Perry. He occasionally takes rather too much of the "inspiring fluid," and, like others who have passed through an eventful life, is fond, when in this state, of relating his "hair-breadth escapes;" and also, like most others, magnifies them to a somewhat unwarrantable extent. Being in the "Grocery," the other day, while the captain was relating one of his adventures, which happened near some lake, the name of which I do not now remember, he stated that it occurred on the Fourth of July. After performing unheard-of prodigies of valor, he was finally forced to run. This he did, and shortly afterward found himself on the bank of the lake, which was "frozen solid all the way across." Without a moment's hesitation he started over, followed closely by the Indians, three in number. When about a mile from the shore, he perceived the Indians were becoming scattered; and, stooping down, he picked up a hoop pole and killed them, one at a time, as they came up.

"Why, Capting," asked a bystander, "how could the river be frozen over on the Fourth of July—and how came a hoop-pole that far from shore?"

"Um! Um!" grunted the old man, (with a hic!) "*what do you know about Indians?*"

ONCE COLORED, ALWAYS COLORED.—A negro woman was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of color, and among other things he said she had been in heaven. One of the ladies of color asked her:

"Sister, did you see any black folks in heaven?"

"Oh, get out! you s'pose I go in de kitchen when I was dar?"

This reminds us of the anecdote of another colored man, who was so convinced of the lowliness of his position, and that labor was his natural lot, that he was even indifferent as to a future state, believing that "dey'll make nigger work eben of he go to Hebben." A clergyman tried to argue him out of this opinion, by representing that this could not be the case, inasmuch as there was absolutely no work for him to do in Heaven. His answer was,

"Oh, you g'way, massa. I knows better. If dere's no work for culled fokes up dar, dey'll *make* some fur 'em, and if dere's nuffin better to do dey'll make 'em *shub de clouds along*. You can't fool this chile, massa."

COMPENSATION.—"A few days since," writes "J. D. E." of St. Louis, "I was in company with one of the best of his race, and a resident of Chanton county, of this State, who told the following anecdote concerning a local preacher in his section; who, being a venerable personage, I will suppress his name. At a social meeting of his fellow church-members, among other things each was relating his causes for joy and sorrow, when Rev. Mr. ——— said: 'In my family of children I have *much* cause of joy, and also much to distress me. There's my son ———, a good, reverent, dutiful boy; but there's my son Bill, he's an audacious scamp. He left his poor old gray-headed father many a day ago; and it's been a long time since I've heard on him; and when I last heard on him, he was 'way up to the Galoners, a-raftin' saw-logs; playing "seven up;" and horse-racing; but thank the Lord he's *making* money by the trip! *Ain't* he, sister?' 'Yes, brother, he *is*, and *no* mistake!' This is strictly *true*; but to be properly appreciated, you should hear it *told as I did.*"—*Knickerbocker.*

A SINGULAR CAUSE OF PRIDE.—In a metropolitan auction-room, on a certain occasion, a little German Jew, who was slowly and shrewdly making his bid, was addressed by a near by-stander, with—"There is a very disagreeable odor about here; what can it be?" "Yaas," he replied unhesitatingly, "dat fish my veet." "Your feet? then why don't you retire from the room, and not mingle with gentlemen? The odor from your feet *is very* offensive." "Ah!" responded the little Hebrew, "you ought to smell 'em in a small room in de summer time!" Pride in such an accomplishment, as Baron Pompolino would say, is a virtue somewhat rare.

ANECDOTE.—A farmer once hired a Vermonter to assist in drawing logs. The Yankee, when there was a log to lift, generally contrived to secure the smallest end, for which the farmer rebuked him, and told him always to take the butt end. Dinner came, and with it a sugar loaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, and giving the farmer a wink, exclaimed, "*always take the butt end.*"

☞ The Chinese are queer people to go to market. A friend at Canton writes that a neighbor of his had just laid in his winter provisions—a hind quarter of horse and two barrels of bulldogs; the latter salted to keep.

☞ At a fair down East, the reporter, under the head of domestic arrangements, gives the following item: "Best bed comforter—Miss Susan Thompson."

Alphonse Bertrand presents a full length and most accurate likeness of himself. He would like to form an alliance with some lovely, trusting girl, who could receive and return his ardent love. It is not for him to decide whether he is handsome or not; the picture will answer that. But he will say that he has been told that he has a certain devil-may-care air about him (admirably portrayed in the picture,) which has proved nigh fatal to many a susceptible damsel (though he don't wish to be considered as a gay deceiver.) Of his worldly prospects he will say nothing; such things are not to be considered in connection with high, holy love. All communications strictly confidential.

"OLD GRUBER."—"One of the most out-spoken of Methodist preachers was 'Old Gruber.' He was a real 'Hard Shell.' On one occasion, he assisted in divine worship, where a young Presbyterian clergyman preached violently against some of the doctrines of Methodism. Brother Gruber was asked to close the services with prayer, which he did, and, as is customary, prayed for the minister. 'Oh, Lord,' said he, 'bless the preacher who has preached to us this morning, and make his heart as soft as his head is, and then he'll do some good.'"

The above, from the Sierra Democrat, brings to mind a dozen stories about that good old eccentric man. We remember him from our earliest boyhood; every dog and cat, and every tobacco-chewer and over-dressed lady has had reason to remember "Father Gruber," and woe be to the unfortunate youngster whom he undertook to reprove. Arriving at the house of one of the brethren, his first business was to drive out all the dogs and cats, and then see that his horse was taken care of. Once, at a camp-meeting, a rather flashily-dressed lady entered the altar-gate while the old man was preaching, and walked back and forth, seemingly afraid to sit on the rude benches, for fear of spoiling her finery. She had an ostrich feather in her head dress, which was a sore abomination in the old man's eyes, and stopping in the midst of a pathetic passage, he exclaimed: "Brethren, open the gate, and let that goose fly out!"

Poor old Father Gruber! He once laid a grape vine over our shoulders, with no very gentle hand, for smoking in the aisle, at camp-meeting. The good old soul didn't know that we had "dismissed from divine service," and were waiting for a certain bright-eyed fellow-worshipper whom we had left on the *anxious-bench!*—*Sierra Citizen.*

☞ A sailor lad wandered into a churchyard, and was amusing himself by reading the inscriptions on the grave-stones. Presently he came to one on which was inscribed the following:

"Weep not for me, my dearest dear,
I am not dead, though I lie here."

This was too much for Jack. Shifting his quid, he ejaculated: "Well, I've heard say that *there are cases in which a man may lie; but if I was dead I'd onw it!*"

AN IRISH CERTIFICATE.—A poor son of the Emerald Isle applied for employment to an avaricious hunks, who told him he employed no Irishmen. "For," said he, "the last I had died on my hands, and I was forced to bury him at my own charge." "Ah, your honor," said Pat, brightening up, "and is that all? Then you'll give me the place, for shure I can get a certificate that I niver died in the employ of any masther I iver served."

RULES OF HEALTH FOR MARRIED LADIES.—The following advice to married ladies, comes from the columns of the Buffalo Republic:

Get up at three o'clock in the morning, clean out the stoves, take up the ashes, sweep the front side-walk, and scrub the front steps, nurse the baby, put the mackerel to soak, build the fires, grind the coffee, get out your husband's things to warm, see the shirt aired, boil the mackerel, settle the coffee, set the table, rouse the house, carry up some hot water for shaving, to that brute of a lazy husband, and dry the morning paper. By this time you will have an appetite for breakfast. Hold the baby during the meal, as you like your breakfast cold.

After breakfast, wash the dishes, nurse the baby, dust everything, wash the windows, wash and dress the baby—(that pantry wants cleaning out and scrubbing)—nurse the baby, draw the baby in his wagon five or six miles for the benefit of his health; nurse him when you return; put on the potatoes, and the cabbage (nurse the baby) and the corned beef, (don't forget to nurse the baby) and the turnips, and (nurse the baby) sweep everything; take up the dinner, set the table, fill the castors, change the table-cloth, (there, that baby wants nursing.) Eat your dinner cold again, and—nurse the baby.

After dinner, wash the dishes, gather up all the dirty clothes and put them to soak, nurse the baby every half hour; receive a dozen calls, *interspersed* with nursing the baby; drag the baby a mile or two; hurry home, make biscuits, pick up some codfish, cut some dried beef. Catnip tea for baby's internal disarrangement; hold the baby an hour to quiet him; put some alcohol in the metre; baby a specimen of perpetual motion; tea ready; take yours cold, as usual.

After tea, wash up the dishes; put some fish to soak; chop some hash; send for some more sugar; (gracious, how the sugar *does* go—and thirteen cents a pound;) get down the stockings and darn them; keep on nursing the baby; wait up till twelve o'clock nursing the baby, till husband comes with a double shuffle on the front steps, a decided difficulty in finding the stairway, and a determination to sleep in the back yard. Drag him up stairs to bed; then nurse baby and go to sleep. Women in delicate health will find that the above practice will either kill or cure them.

☞ In the city of London, one of the conditions of a license to keep a tavern is, that the keeper shall, without pay, cook and salt a piece of meat for any person desiring it done. Any particular individual can step into a butcher's, pick out his steak, and see it cooked. The only reward of the publican for his fire, labor, and salt, is the chance of selling a glass of "'alf and 'alf" or ale to the beef-eater. The gratuitous part of the operation has been provided for by law for hundreds of years.

THOMAS PAINE.—About this period, the notorious Tom Paine arrived at Nantes, in the Alliance frigate, as Secretary of Colonel Laurens, Minister Extraordinary from Congress, and took up his quarters at my boarding place. He was coarse and uncouth in his manners, loathsome in his appearance, and a disgusting egotist; rejoicing most in talking of himself, and reading the effusions of his own mind. Yet I could not repress the deepest emotions of gratitude towards him, as the instrument of Providence in accelerating the Declaration of our Independence. He certainly was a prominent agent, in preparing the public sentiment of America for that glorious event. The idea of Independence had not occupied the popular mind, and when guardedly approached on the topic, it shrunk from the conception, as fraught with doubt, with peril, and, with suffering. In 1776, I was present, at Providence, Rhode Island, in a social assembly of most of the prominent leaders of the State. I recollect that the subject of Independence was cautiously introduced by an ardent Whig, and the thought seemed to excite the abhorrence of the whole circle. A few weeks after, Paine's "Common Sense" appeared, and passed through the continent like an electric spark. It everywhere flashed conviction, and aroused a determined spirit, which resulted in the Declaration of Independence, upon the Fourth of July ensuing. The name of Paine was precious to every Whig heart, and had resounded throughout Europe. On his arrival being announced, the Mayor, and some of the most distinguished citizens of Nantes, called upon him to render their homage of respect. I often officiated as interpreter, although humbled and mortified at his filthy appearance, and awkward and unseemly address. Besides, as he had been roasted alive on his arrival at L'Orient, and well basted with brimstone, for some disease, he was absolutely offensive, and perfumed the whole apartment. He was soon rid of his respectable visitors, who left the room with marks of astonishment and disgust. I took the liberty, on his asking for the loan of a clean shirt, of speaking to him frankly of his dirty appearance and brimstone odor, and prevailed upon him to stew for an hour, in a hot bath. This, however, was not done without much entreaty, and I did not succeed until, receiving a file of English newspapers, I promised, after he was in the bath, he should have the reading of them, and not before. He at once consented and accompanied me to the bath, where I instructed the keeper in French (which Paine did not understand) to gradually increase the heat of the water, until "le Monsieur etait bien bouilli." He became so much absorbed in his reading, that he was nearly parboiled before leaving the bath, much to his improvement and my satisfaction.—*Memoirs of Elkanah Watson.*

☞ An enthusiastic gentleman in speaking of the courage of his "adored," said, "She would walk up to a cannon's or a *lover's* mouth without shrinking a muscle!"

Useful Receipts.

CEMENT FOR MENDING BROKEN VESSELS.—To half a pint of milk put a sufficient quantity of vinegar in order to curdle it; separate the curd from the whey, and mix the whey with the white of four eggs, beating the whole well together; when mixed, add a little quick lime through a sieve, until it acquires the consistency of a paste. With this cement, broken vessels or cracks can be repaired; it dries quickly, and resists the action of fire and water.

MARBLE FIRE-PLACES AND TABLES.—*Never* wash them with soapsuds—the potash of the soap decomposes the carbonate of lime, and in time destroys the polish.

TO CURE MEAT.—Those who will carefully adopt our method of curing pork and beef, will be enabled to enjoy as fine hams, tongues, and "dried beef" and rounds, as the Emperor of all the Russias can command, always providing that the meat cured is of the best quality. It is this:—

To 1 gallon of water,
Take 1½ lbs. of salt,
½ lb. of sugar,
½ oz. of saltpetre,
½ oz. of potash.

In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together, until all the dirt from the sugar (which will not be a little) rises to the top and is skimmed off.—Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when *cold*, pour it over your beef and pork, to remain the usual time, say four to six weeks. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre.

Several of our friends have omitted the boiling of the pickle, and found it to answer equally as well. It will not, however, answer *quite* so well. By boiling the pickle, it is *purified*—for the amount of dirt which is thrown off by the operation, from the salt and sugar, would surprise one not acquainted with the fact.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

CHICKEN DRESSED AS TERRAPINS.—Boil a fine, large, tender chicken; when done, and while yet warm, cut it from the bones into small pieces, as for chicken salad; put it into a stew-pan with one gill of boiling water; then stir together, until perfectly smooth, one quarter of a pound of butter, one teaspoonfull of flour, and the yolk of one egg; which add to the chicken, half at a time, stirring all well together; then season with salt and pepper. After letting it simmer about ten minutes, add half a gill of Madeira wine, and send to table hot.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.—Cut some codfish to bits, the size of peas, and boil it a minute in water to freshen it. Pour off all the water, and add some cream and a little pepper.

Split and toast a Boston cracker, and put the above upon it. Milk and a little butter may be used instead of cream.

Ham or smoked beef may be prepared in the same way. For a variety, beat up an egg and stir it in, instead of cream, or with the cream.

Chicken tea is made by boiling any part of the chicken, and using the broth weak, with only a little salt.

Chicken broth is made by boiling the chicken a good deal, and skimming very thoroughly and seasoning with salt. A little rice or pearl barley improves it, or a little parsley may be used to flavor it.

Chicken Panada is made by pounding some of the meat of boiled chicken in a mortar, with a little broth, and also a little salt and nutmeg.—Then pour in a little broth and boil it five minutes. It should be a thick broth.

TO CURE BUCKEYED CATTLE.—A writer in the Country Gentleman gives the following as an efficacious remedy for cattle diseased from eating Buckeyes: "To a pint of whiskey add a tablespoonfull of ground black pepper, and give in one dose. If no improvement is noticeable in a half-hour, repeat the dose. If the case is very bad, three doses will be necessary."

Agricultural.

VALUE OF CORN AND COBS GROUND TOGETHER.

We shall take great credit to ourself if we can induce stock-growers, agriculturists, and indeed, farmers generally, to give more attention to the use of corn and cobs ground together for feeding farm-stock. There is scarcely an agricultural journal of any prominence in the country which fails to concur in the general belief of the economy and excellence of this kind of food when properly prepared, nor is there an extensive stock-raiser or fattener in the West who has tried corn and cobs ground together and corn alone, that does not declare most emphatically in favor of the former. The fact is, Maize or Indian Corn is the great staple of the Mississippi Valley, and every year by extending the area of its cultivation, gives it a growing importance among the products of the world. The time was, not long ago, either, when Cincinnati was the pork emporium of the country, and when men who furnished Ohio cattle to the New York markets, did deeds to be talked of and remembered. Matters are changed in these railroad days, and bullocks and porkers fattened with the maize of this noble valley now perambulate the streets of the cities of the East. It is therefore important that all the light possible should be poured upon the subject of selecting healthful and economic food for stock. Corn being the great staple, must of course form the basis of our calculations.

We have the assurance of men engaged for years in stock-growing, that a saving in time of fully one-third is gained by using ground food, corn and cob meal especially. We know from positive experience that as large a proportion in *amount* of food given working animals, is also saved by administering in the above manner. Believing, therefore, as we do, that there is economy, both of amount of food required and in time necessary to put animals in good condition by the use of cob meal, we would strongly urge upon farmers its use wherever corn is grown or stock fattened for market. The fertility of our great western country, and the facility with which grain is produced, has led our growers into great wastefulness and extravagance. We look forward to the time when *this* shall be corrected, as it must and will be when farmers pursue their avocations with greater regard to the teachings of experience and of science. Agriculture has made giant strides during the last few years towards assuming the station it deserves among the callings of the earth, viz.: the most independent and the noblest of the land.—*Iowa Farmer.*

HORSES TOO WELL FED.—A great proportion of our horses are too well fed—obtain more food than they require. In this land of *plenty* most of our *valuable* horses are over fed, and more especially does this happen, among animals owned by wealthy and liberal individuals. The impression we wish to convey to the mind of the reader is, that the *food* of such, is not proportioned to their labor—in other words, there exists a disproportion between the amount of *carbon* taken in the form of food, and the *oxygen* received in the process of *respiration*. Now to illustrate this, we will suppose that a man engaged in mercantile pursuits owns one or more horses; he has not the time, nor the inclination to give the one or the other the necessary amount of exercise; they stand up to a *full* crib, from day to day; enjoying—or *rather*, gorging themselves with a certain amount of fodder, over and above what they *actually* require, and much more than they really need; the surplus is often stored up in the form of fat, and this induces acute diseases, and they die of *too much* food and care. It is very rare that we have occasion to recommend a man to feed his horse more *liberally*, but almost always the reverse. Starvation is said to be the cause for many equine diseases, but so far as our experience goes, such cases are, in this country, very rare. We conceive the term *starvation* to be a libel upon civilization; and so infrequent is its application among a nation of husbandmen, that it is omitted in our dictionaries. A *man* on a barren rock, or a *horse* in the deserts of Arabia, might probably *starve*, but the idea of the latter *starving* in the vicinity of a well-stocked barn, or stable—within striking distance of a land of plenty—seems to us a very absurd conclusion.

There are enough horses to be found dressed up in the garb of starvation; having tight skins, prominent ribs, and a cadaverous countenances, living, yet half dead. But they know nothing of the "Famine in Egypt;" they get *enough*, but *too much of the same kind.*—*Dadd's Veterinary Journal.*

EXPERIMENTS IN POTATO PLANTING.—Mr. Brown, of Long Island, has recently published an interesting experiment touching the planting of the butt ends and seed ends of potatoes. Last spring he planted four rows of equal length, of two varieties of potatoes. In one row, with each variety, he planted only the "seed ends" of the potato; in the other, the opposite, or "butt ends." These were the pink eyes and the peach blows.

We quote the results from the concluding portion of his statement:

The yield of these four rows was a follows:—

Pink eyes,	butt ends,	217 pounds.
do	seed ends,	179 do
Peach blows,	butt ends,	225 do
do	seed ends,	178 do

The potatoes raised from the butt ends were much larger than those from the seed ends, and appeared to be from a week to ten days earlier.—Had the whole field been planted with butt ends, the yield would have been more than 600 bushels to the acre. I also planted two rows next to the above, in one of which I put only large potatoes, half a tuber in each hill, cut lengthwise, so as to divide the eyes equally, and in the other row I dropped only small potatoes, one in each hill. From the former I dug 181 pounds, and from the latter 134 pounds. I should add that the average yield of the field was about 130 pounds to the row; and that large (not the very largest) potatoes were used for seed cut lengthwise with a half of a tuber in each hill."

HOW MUCH SHOULD A COW EAT?—Cows, to give milk, require more food than most farmers imagine. J. W. Johnson, writing from Munich to the Country Gentleman, gives an interesting report of some experiments which have been made in Bavaria, from which the following is an extract:

"Our trials have confirmed the view that cows, to give the greatest possible quantity of milk, must daily receive and consume one-thirtieth of their live weight in hay, or an equivalent therefor. If more food be given it goes to the formation of flesh and fat, without occasioning a corresponding increase in the yield of milk; but if, on the contrary, less food be furnished, the amount and value of the milk will be greatly diminished."

CEMENT WATER PIPES.

Excellent and cheap pipes for conveying water, may be easily and cheaply made of Hydraulic Cement, mixed in the same manner as when used for making cisterns. Any one can make these pipes. We have frequently directed their construction successfully, and presume we can direct our readers.

Having a ditch wide enough for a man to work in, and deep enough to be secure from frost, leaving the bottom with a concave excavation in the centre according to the size of the pipe required, put mortar in the concave sufficient in quantity to make the bottom of the pipe from three-quarters to one inch thick, and three feet in length. In this mortar bed a rod, made smooth and true, with a slight taper, about three feet long, when more mortar may be put on this rod, rounded up with a trowel, to correspond in thickness with the bottom; then carefully draw out the rod, spread more mortar for three feet more in the bottom of the grove as before, insert the end of the rod in the pipe previously made, bed the rod in the mortar, cover over and draw out again, and so on until the pipe is completed.

The mortar should be fresh mixed, a little at a time, so that the cement may set as quick as possible; mix one part of cement to two or three of *clean, coarse sand.* If it contains some fine gravel, from the size of wheat kernels to beans, no matter. The thickness of the pipe should correspond to the amount of pressure it will be required to contain. If only two or three feet pressure is required, water may be admitted in two weeks; in three or four months, a pipe one inch thick, and not more than one inch and a half in diameter will bear a pressure equal to twelve or fifteen feet perpendicular. This pipe will grow stronger for a year, when it will be like a rock in solidity and strength.

These pipes are admirably adapted for carrying water from cave-trough spouts to cisterns, and for carrying water in any other situations where no very great amount of pressure is required immediately after they are made. Very frequently in placing hydraulic rams, a short lead pipe next the ram will overcome the greatest elevation, reaching a short distance to the top of a bank, after which, for a long distance, the pipe is nearly horizontal, and has much less pressure to resist, when it may as well be made in this cheap manner of cement. And for purposes of irrigation, when it is desired to convey water nearly in a horizontal direction, as from one reservoir or elevation to another, and where no very great amount of pressure will be required, the cement pipe is admirably adapted.—*Country Gentleman.*

FATTENING TURKEYS.—The alimentary properties of charcoal are very great; indeed, it has been asserted that domestic fowls may be fattened on it without any other food, and that, too, in a shorter time than on the most nutritious grains. In an experiment made to test the value of the article, four turkeys were taken and confined in a pen, and fed on meal, boiled potatoes and oats. Four others of the same brood were also confined at the same time, in another pen, and fed daily on the same articles, but with one pint of very fine pulverized charcoal mixed with their meal and potatoes; they had also a plentiful supply of broken charcoal in their pen. The eight were killed on the same day, and there was a difference of one and a half pounds each in favor of the fowls which had been supplied with the charcoal, they being much the fatter, and the meat greatly superior in point of tenderness and flavor. This would appear to establish, beyond a doubt, the benefit of charcoal for fattening purposes.

PRESERVING APPLES.—If apples are carefully packed in hard wood saw-dust, (how it would be with pine we know not,) they will keep in an open garret through our coldest winters. This we have tried, and we know it for a certainty.—But in packing, care should be taken that none of the apples touch the barrel nor each other.—We have had them open in fine order when thus packed, long after those in the cellar were rotten, or so withered as to be useless.—*Exchange.*

HORSES COATS.—A writer in *Porter's Spirit* states that he got a beautiful, sleek, glossy coat on his horse by simply giving him a few raw carrots every day to eat. The remedy is said to be infallible.

A GAMBLER.

Among the innumerable anecdotes related of the ruin of persons at play, there is one worth relating, which refers to a Mr. Porter, a gentleman, who, in the reign of Queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in Northumberland, the whole of which he lost at hazard, in twelve months. According to the story told of this madman—for we will call him nothing else—when he had just completed the lose of his last acre, at a gambling-house in London, and was proceeding down the stairs to throw himself into a carriage to convey him home to his house in town, he resolved upon having one more throw to try to retrieve his losses, and immediately returned to the room where the play was going on. Nerved for the worst that might happen, he insisted that the person he had been playing with should give him one chance of recovery, or fight with him. His proposition was this; that his carriage and horses, the trinkets and loose money in his pockets, his town house, plate, and furniture—in short, all he had left in the world, should be valued in a lump at a certain sum, and be thrown at a single cast. No persuasions could prevail on him to depart from his purpose. He threw, and lost; then conducting the winner to the door, he told the coachman there was his master; and marched forth into the dark and dismal streets, without house or home, or any one creditable means of support. Thus beggared, he retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as the marker at a billiard-table, and occasionally as a helper in a livery stable. In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported, he was recognised by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessaries. He expended five in procuring decent apparel; with the remaining five he repaired to a common gaming-house, and increased them to fifty; he then adjourned to one of the higher order of houses, sat down with former associates, and won twenty thousand pounds. Returning the next night, he lost it all, was once more penniless, and after subsisting many years in abject penury, died a ragged beggar in Saint Giles's.

YANKEE DOODLE.—In a curious book on the round towers of Ireland, the origin of the term Yankee Doodle was traced to the Persian phrase, "Yanki dooniah," or "Inhabitants of the New World." Layard, in his book on "Nineveh and its Remains," also mentions "Yaughi-dunia" as the Persian name of America.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 51 letters.
My 13, 23, 24, 39, 50, 9, was a celestial goddess.
My 10, 18, 36, was an eminent Assyrian Pagan.
My 27, 26, 42, 30, is a town in Persia.
My 51, 3, 2, 12, 20, is a sign of the zodiac.
My 45, 25, 22, 41, 43, 37, 42, is a figure of orthography.
My 6, 22, 47, 11, 38, 19, 29, was a battle-field.
My 16, 28, 17, 15, is a division of Spain.
My 21, 31, 25, 20, 33, was a captain in the American service.
My 44, 16, 13, 7, 44, 50, 41, 39, 34, 30, 4, is an algebraic term.
My 20, 39, 40, 41, 14, 35, 31, is a figure of orthography.
My 5, 17, 33, 21, 51, was one of the Prophets.
My 1, 12, 31, 36, 25, is a town in France.
My 15, 43, 12, 22, 49, 30, was a noted battle-field.
My whole was an event of 1856, which caused much excitement. CINROS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.
My 1, 5, 6, 3, 20, is a county in Indiana.
My 2, 5, 9, 2, is a county in Ohio.
My 3, 6, 7, 2, is a river in Africa.
My 4, 1, 2, 5, is a river in Austria.
My 5, 4, 2, is a lake in Ireland.
My 6, 7, 7, 4, 2, is a county in Ohio.
My 7, 4, 3, 6, is a river in Asia.
My 8, 9, 7, 7, is a county in Indiana.
My 9, 10, 8, 6, is one of the United States.
My 10, 2, 8, is a river in Virginia.
My 11, 6, 7, 7, 10, is a county in Texas.
My 19, 3, 10, is a river in Austria.
My 12, 5, 10, 2, is a lake in Ireland.
My 14, 13, 4, is a county in Illinois.
My 15, 2, 5, 4, is a lake in Ireland.
My 16, 6, 7, 20, is a river in Missouri.
My 17, 6, 16, 18, is a county in Michigan.
My 19, 5, 10, 12, is a river in France.
My 19, 6, 5, is a river in North Carolina.
My 20, 5, 2, 10, 19, is a town in Austria.
My whole is the name of a distinguished American General. E. McBRIDE.
Fayette, Alleghany county, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 12, 15, 19, 31, 17, 22, is a gallinaceous fowl.
My 4, 2, 1, 21, 6, 7, is a Peninsula in Asia.
My 20, 9, 22, is a covering for the head.
My 14, 6, 23, 11, 25, 17, is a kind of paper.
My 26, 12, 31, 8, 12, 22, is the same as my 28 and 29.
My 27, 33, 32, 32, is a flower of great beauty.
My 30, 17, 15, 7, 8, 8, 27, is a species of fish.
My 24, 35, 18, 30, 5, 22, was the appearance of the Crimea.
My 28, 29, 30, 17, 14, are a most necessary article of wearing apparel.
My 3, 18, 29, 30, 6, 8, 30, 33, 10, 1, is a country in Asia.
My 30, 26, 5, 17, 2, is the teacher's delight.
My 18, 15, 7, 14, is an Oasis in the Sahara Desert.
My 20, 8, 34, is used by all writers.
My 20, 21, 23, 30, is what all are disposed to do.
My 12, 19, 30, 10, is a metal.
My whole is the name and location of a flourishing institution of learning in Pennsylvania. E. T. J.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My one is found in every *home*—
In nature's wide *domain*,
My two is seen by those whom roam
Through fair and sunny *Spain*;
My three—in *things*—both *grave* and *gay*,
You're always sure to see,
My four—I am compelled to say—
Is used in *Germany*.
My five though 'tis *invisible*,
Yet always is in *sight*,
My six—(this rhyme is miserable,)
You oft see with *delight*.
Take the whole six, them rightly fix,
'Twill make a sweet girl's name;
A friend most true—I doubt not you
Know one that's called the same.
GARNEW.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My first three, and last, denotes penalveness.
My fourth, fifth, second and sixth, is the first part of day.
My whole is the name of a man, daily spoken of in parts of the United States.
Flower-dale, Iowa. J. S. FLORY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a machine to grind;
My second on the hills you'll find,
My first and second when combined,
Within my first you'll always find.
Lincoln Co., Ky. PLANE.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The first of four numbers is to the third as 2 to 9; the third is to the fourth as the square of the first is to the square of the second; the sum of the squares of the first and second is 2,500, and the sum of the squares of the second and fourth is equal to the sum of the squares of the first and third. The numbers are required?
Franklin. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the present dilemma in Kansas like a die? Ans.—Because there is a stir up (stirrup) on each side.

☞ What is that from which, when the whole is taken, some will still remain. Ans.—The word wagon.

☞ Why is a hungry boy looking at the pudding in a cookshop-window like a wild horse? Ans.—Because it would be all the better if he had a bit in his mouth!

☞ When is a man like the first sound of A? Ans.—When he's going A-long.

☞ Why is a gun-cap like death? Ans.—Because it is a debt o'nature. (Detonator.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—That the American Colonists, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth to be considered as subjects for future colonization by European power."—Monroe. POET[illegible] Mary Noel Meigs Donald. CHA[illegible] (Knee-brass-k.) CHARADE.—B[illegible] on.) CHARADE.—Cow-per. ALG[illegible] LEM.—1 oxen, 19 sheep, 20 geese. [illegible]ROD.

OUR TEETH.—It is often asserted that the teeth of the present generation are much inferior to those of the generations of those who have passed us. We wish that some one of our many dentists would prove literary enough to give us a dental history. We should be astonished, probably, at the dental evils of other days. Evidences of the use of false teeth by the Romans two thousand years ago, were found among the ruins of Pompeii. Three hundred years ago, Martin Luther complained of the toothache; and a German Ambassador at the Court of Queen Elizabeth spoke of the weakness and imperfection of the English people's teeth, which he attributed to their custom of eating a great deal of sugar. Shakspeare makes one of his characters speak being kept awake by a "raging fang." Roger Williams was struck by the imperfect teeth of the Narragansett Indians, whom toothache and decayed teeth troubled exceedingly. George Washington had a set of artificial teeth for which he paid five hundred dollars. Napoleon always had bad teeth, and was especially troubled with them at St. Helena. Walter Scott suffered at a comparatively early period of life, etc. [illegible] troubles, and wishes he had some "fresh ones." Such are a very few facts which come up from our poor memory concerning a somewhat interesting matter. We would like to have many more of them. For our own part, we have noticed that dentists were in demand at the ancient Chedorlaomer.